

STAN LEE Presents:

HOWARD THE DUCK

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Save This Editor!

Hey, there!

Welcome to the Howard the Duck School of Fine Arts!

You hold in your hands an example of Marvel's willingness to take chances. Upon the positive or negative reaction of you, the reader, rests the head and heart of this editor as well as a hefty bet or two. Because, hard though it is for *me* to understand, some people did not like this cover when they first saw it. But before getting into the heavy drama, terror, delirium, and such, let me give you some background:

Once upon a time in faraway Spain there lived one of the greatest artists humankind has yet produced. His name was Pablo Picasso. Now while you and I might sweat and struggle over a piece of writing or art, this was not Picasso's way. He had come so far through the kiln of creativity (the blasting heat of which burns out or diminishes all but the most talented) that to him art was returned to what it had originally been. Play. (All art, visual and otherwise, is, in essence, play of a very serious kind.)

At any rate, Picasso, while playing one day, began to add objects to his oil canvas. And paint over them, and glaze, and add more objects. Pablo Picasso had created *collage*. The art of collage represents one of the most radical changes in art history, and you would be amazed to find out how few real changes there have been from cave artist to our present generation.

All the above I've learned since commissioning the cover you see on this magazine. Nonetheless, the playful, inventive quality of the medium has always attracted me. So when I met Larry Fredericks, a commercial and graphic artist whose chief love is collage, I thought he would be perfect as the artist of the "Drakula" issue of HOWARD THE DUCK.

Let me tell you a little about how Larry created "Drakula."

He began by sketching the layout of the picture. Larry then drew shapes on both textured and flat papers and either cut or ripped them out. The resulting pieces of paper were applied to a heavy board that had been painted with glue, and another layer of glue was painted over them. The picture, which now existed as shapes and areas of dark and light, was painted in several layers with mixed oils, turpentine and a painting medium to give a glazed effect. Finally, the entire collage was given a thin coat of varnish. This resulted in a satiny texture.

Listen, I've got money bet on this painting. I say that Howard the Duck readers are attracted to the book in the first place because of Howard's daring, individuality and chutzpah.

I say that you are gonna *love* this painting, and buy this issue of the magazine like crazy.

But if you don't like it, you don't like it.

It's really up to you... Will this editor win lotsa neat bets? Will Stan Lee and Jim Shooter be rewarded for their faith in me? Let us know how you feel, and whether you'd like to see more risk taking with this magazine!

Write on!

Lynn



THE UN-DEAD DUCK!

CC

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MAY. No 5

\$1.25

HOWARD THE DUCK[®]



"DRAKULA" by Bill Mantlo & Michael Golden

"CAPTAIN AMERICANA" by Bill Mantlo & Gene Colan

"FOWL FRIENDS & FELONIOUS FELLOWS:" by Lynn Graeme

"FOND LOOKS AT FOWL FRIENDS" by Bill Mantlo

FREDERICKS





PROLOGUE

NEW YORK



... WHERE, IN THE ULTRAMODERN EXECUTIVE SUITE OF MIDNIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF CARRIES OUT AN UNPLEASANT ASPECT OF HIS JOB.

I'M SORRY, HAROLD, BUT YOU'RE GETTING STALE! OUR "TALES OF DRACULA" MAGAZINE NEEDS SOME NEW BLOOD AT THE HELM--

-- SO I'M REPLACING YOU AS THE REGULAR WRITER.

I-I CREATED "TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES" SPENT YEARS BUILDING THE CONTINUITY, ESTABLISHING THE CHARACTERS, INSURING HISTORICAL ACCURACY!

IT'S MORE THAN A MAGAZINE TO ME-- IT'S MY LIFE!



GIVE ME A BREAK-- WILLYA, HAROLD? YOU DIDN'T CREATE DRACULA! BRAM STOKER DID!

NOW I'M SURE I CAN FIND YOU ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT...



YOU-- YOU MUST BE JOKING!

NO! I'VE LABORED TOO LONG, TOO HARD, TO LET YOU REPLACE ME-- HAROLD H. HAROLD--WITH SOME HACK!

HUMAN BEINGS DON'T DO THIS TO EACH OTHER!



WHY ME, LORD?

THERE'S SOMETHING I NEVER TOLD YOU-- THERE'S A REAL DRACULA OUT THERE! I'VE MET HIM, STUDIED HIS BEHAVIOR, BASED MY STORIES ON HIS EXPLOITS!

IT'S THAT REALISM YOUR READERS HAVE COME TO EXPECT IN A "TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES" EPIC!



IN THAT SENSE, I CREATED DRACULA FOR THEM, AND BEFORE I'LL LET YOU MAKE A MOCKERY OF MY CREATION--

A FACT HAROLD H. HAROLD ONLY NOW RECALLS... I SHOULD--

--HAVE USED--

--THE DOOR!



SPLAT!



--I'LL DESTROY DRACULA MYSELF!



BLAMED FREELANCE FANTASY WRITERS! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE EDITED "CAR AND DRIVER"?

THAT'S THE LAST I'LL SEE OF THAT ONE, THOUGH. AFTER ALL, WE ARE SIX STORIES UP!

HIS ANGER FANNED TO FURY BY HIS PAIN, HAROLD LIES BROKEN IN THE MIDST OF A COMMISSERATING CROWD...

SAY, BILL, ISN'T THAT HAROLD H. HAROLD LYING THERE WITH TWO BUSTED LEGS?

SURPRISE!

THAT'S HIM, MIKE! HE SURE LEFT THE OFFICE THE HARD WAY!



WONDER WHY HE DID IT?

WHO KNOWS! MAYBE HE MISSED A DEADLINE AGAIN! C'MON, WE'VE GOT A "TRUE VAMPIRE" STORY TO PLOT!

DRACULA!



CLEVELAND,
CITY OF LIGHT,
CITY OF MAGIC...

NO
PARKING
ANY
TIME
←→

... WHERE, A FEW NIGHTS
LATER, ARMS LADEN WITH
LAUNDRY, OUR HERO, HOWARD
THE DUCK, WENDS HIS WEARY
WAY HOME.

HOME? HOME'S SUPPOSED TO
BE WHERE THE HEART IS! MY
BODY MAY BE A PRISONER ON
THIS PLANET OF HAIRLESS
APES, BUT MY HEART BELONGS
TO DUCKWORLD!

HOWARD SUCCUMBS TO
LONGING FOR HIS LONG-
LOST HOMEWORLD...



...AS A LEATHERY-WINGED FORM WITH RED-RIMMED EYES FIERCELY FOLLOWS!



IT GLIDES NEARER, FANGS SLAVERING, ITS HUNGER ALMOST OVERWHELMING!

ANY OTHER NIGHT IT WOULD HAVE LONG SINCE SLAKED ITS UNHOLY THIRST!

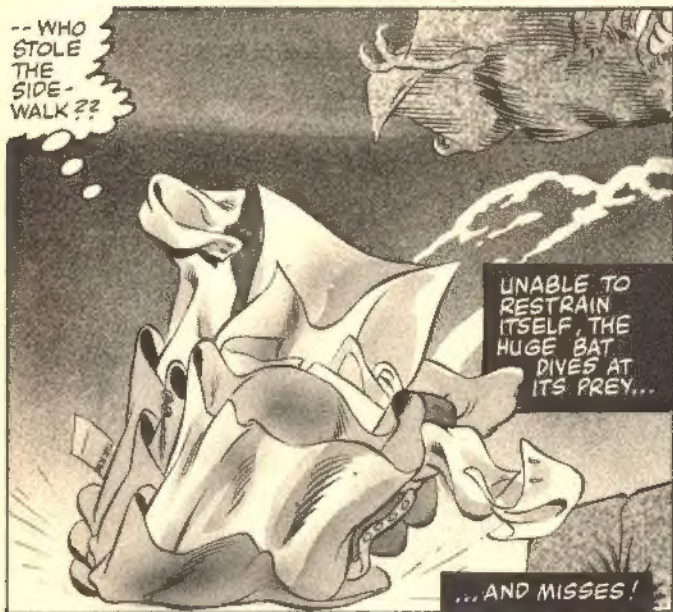
YET TONIGHT IT HESITATES!



FOR THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT ITS INTENDED VICTIM THAT THIS UNNATURAL ANIMAL FINDS...CONFUSING!

JUST GOTTA KEEP REMINDIN' MYSELF I'M A DUCK!

I DON'T BELONG HERE! HEY--



-- WHO STOLE THE SIDE-WALK ??

UNABLE TO RESTRAIN ITSELF, THE HUGE BAT DIVES AT ITS PREY...

...AND MISSES!



THOUGHT I FELT A DRAFT ON MY NECK FOR A SECOND THERE!

NAH! MUSTA BEEN MY--



--imagination.



GOOD EVENING, DIMINUTIVE ONE! TONIGHT A GREAT HONOR IS YOURS, FOR YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO SATISFY THE BLOOD-HUNGER OF THE LORD OF THE VAMPIRES HIMSELF...

COUNT DRACULA!

I-I THINK YA MADE A MISTAKE! OUR BLOOD-TYPES WON'T BE COMPATIBLE!

YA SEE, I'M A D-D-DU...

SILENCE! FOR TOO MANY NIGHTS HAVE I THIRSTED TO DENY MY BLOODLUST NOW!

E-W-WAAUGHHE

HAVING MESMERIZED HIS VICTIM, DRACULA EXPOSES HOWARD'S THROAT!

HOW HIS BLOOD PULSES BENEATH MY PROBING FINGER-TIPS!

THEN, KNEELING OVER HIS PREY IN THE CENTER OF THE DIMLY-LIT STREET...

...THE LORD OF THE UNDEAD BITES AND BEGINS TO DRINK!

HE SOON FINDS THE BEVERAGE NOT TO HIS LIKING!

PFAAUGH!

FEATHERS! FEATHERS!?!

I THOUGHT I HAD BLUNDERED INTO MAKING A MEAL OF A MIDGET--

--BUT INSTEAD I'VE DRAINED A DUCK!!!

GAGGING ON FOUL FOWL'S BLOOD, DRACULA ONCE AGAIN TRANSFORMS HIMSELF AND SOARS CRAZILY OFF INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING BEHIND HIM A STRANGELY ALTERED HOWARD THE DUCK!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AT THE BAY VILLAGE HOME OCCUPIED BY HOWARD HIS BELOVED BEVERLY, AND THEIR FRIENDS PAUL, SAME AND WINDA WESTER.

THAT'S IT, BEV! JUST HOLD THAT POSE! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!

IF YOU'VE TALKING ABOUT PNEUMONIA, PAUL I THINK BEVERLY'S THE ONE WHO'S GOT IT. YOU'VE HAD HEW POSING LIKE THAT FOR TWO WHOLE HOURS.

I HAVE TO POSE FOR PSEUDO PICASSOS ALL DAY LONG, WINDA-- IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO SIT FOR A FRIEND WITH TALENT LIKE PAUL'S

BUT WE SHOULD FINISH UP BEFORE HOWARD GETS HOME FROM WORK. THIS PICTURE IS GOING TO BE HIS BIRTHDAY PRESENT, AND I WANT IT TO BE A SURPRISE.

I'M ALMOST DONE, BEV JUST A FEW MORE STROKES...

...UH-OH! THE BIRTHDAY-BOY'S HOME--

--AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW HE'D ENTER HIS OWN APARTMENT WITHOUT KNOCKING FIRST?!

COVER THE CANVAS,
PAUL. HE, UH, DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE HE SAW
IT ANYWAY

DUCKY ARE
YOU OKAY?
WOULD YOU
LIKE SUPPER?

MAYBE
SOMETHING
HAPPENED
AT THE
WALNDWAMAT
TO UPSET
HIM?

AH, HE'S BEEN DEPRESSED EVER
SINCE HE LEARNED YOU MIGHT POSSESS
THE POWER TO SEND HIM BACK TO
DUCKWORLD, WINDA

STILL, I DON'T SEE HOW
HE COULD IGNORE MY
PAINTING! IT'S KINDA
HARD TO MISS!

IT'S LOVELY, PAUL!
YOU REALLY MIRRORED
MY SOUL-- ESPECIALLY
WITH THE GRAPEFRUITS!

I'WW BWING
SOME TEA WHIWE
YOU GET DWESSED,
BEVEVY MAYBE
HE'WW TEWW ME
WHAT S BOTHEWING
HIM.

AND SO, IN HOWARD AND
BEVERLY'S BEDROOM.

HOWARD? IT'S ME,
WINDA! I'D WIKE TO
TAWK TO YOU! YOU
KNOW MY MIND
POWERS CAN SEND
YOU HOME ANY
TIME YOU'D WIKE!

I'D HATE TO WOSE YOUR
FWIENDSHIP, BUT I CAN
JNDEWSTAND HOW YOU
COUWD FEEW DIFFEENT
FROM THE WEST OF
US!

HOWARD? OOH, IT'S
SO DAWK IN HEWE?
DO YOU MIND IF I
TUWN ON A WIGHT?



ILLUMINATING THE BEDROOM, WINDA WESTER SEES...

HOWAWD...

WHY AWE YOU WUMMAGING THROUGH BEVEVY'S WINGEWIE? I MEAN, DANSKINS ON A DUCK AWE VEKY KINKY, BUT SOMEHOW THEY'VE JUST NOT YOU!



OH, BUT THEY ARE, MY DEAR! MY GARB MUST BE BLACK-- BLACK AS THE NIGHT!

LOOK INTO MY EYES WINDA! DEEPER! DEEPER!



NOW YOU ARE MINE!!

HOWARD, WHAT ON EARTH--??

HOWAWD? OH, MY SWACIOUS...!

EEEEEE



COME HERE, MASHER

HER NECK! MUST HAVE HER NECK!



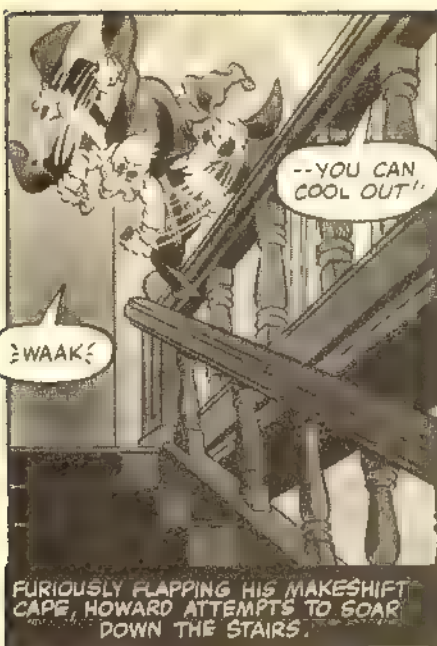
A FINE THING, LUSTING AFTER MY BEST FRIEND RIGHT UNDER MY VERY NOSE!

HER BLOOD-- SO WARM, ALIVE!

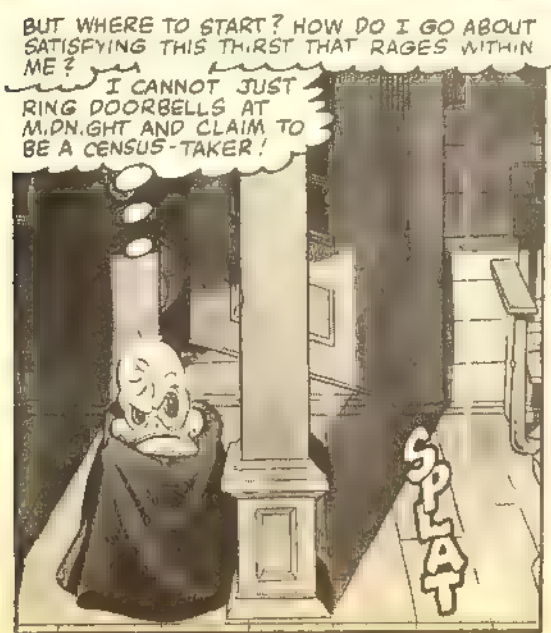
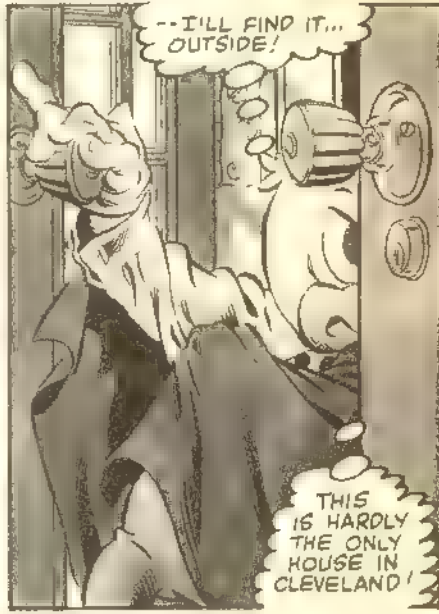
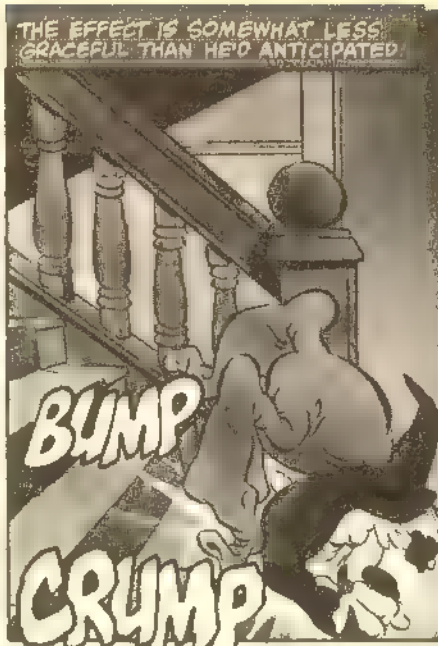


AND WHAT'S MINE? DIET-PEPSI??

ALL RIGHT, YOU THREE FOOT TALL, TWO-TIMING DUCK! UNTIL YOU COOL OFF--



FURIOUSLY FLAPPING HIS MAKESHIFT CAPE, HOWARD ATTEMPTS TO SOAR DOWN THE STAIRS.



BUT WHERE TO START? HOW DO I GO ABOUT SATISFYING THIS THIRST THAT RAGES WITHIN ME?

I CANNOT JUST RING DOORBELLS AT MIDNIGHT AND CLAIM TO BE A CENSUS-TAKER!

"SPLAT"? AH, THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT, CALLING TO ME WITH THEIR MOURNFUL VOICES!

COO-COO
COO
COO

SPLAT

BAH! NO DOORBELLS
FOR THIS DUCK! LIKE
MY WINGED BRETHREN
I WILL TAKE TO THE
NIGHTWINDS SWOOPING
MERCILESSLY DOWN
UPON MY PALSED
PREY--



--LIKE A
HAMSTRUNG
DROMEDARY!

HMMM, PERHAPS I
SHALL DISPENSE WITH
AERIAL ASSAULTS AND
TERRORIZE CLEVELAND
ON WEBBED FOOT!

UNDAUNTED
HOWARD
LIMPS OFF
INTO THE
GATHERING
GLOOM!

MEANWHILE, HIS FRIENDS
TRY TO EXPLAIN HIS
ERRATIC ACTIONS TO
THEMSELVES.

BEV, MAYBE YOU
SHOULD CALL
HOWIE BACK! HE
WASN'T ACTING
NORMAL, YOU
KNOW!

OH YES HE WAS
PAUL! YOU DON'T
KNOW THAT LITTLE
OVERSEXED BALL
OF FEATHERS LIKE
I DO! I-I NEVER
COMPLAIN WHEN
HE JUMPS ON ME
LIKE THAT!

BUT WHEN HE
STARTS GIVING
HICKIES TO MY
BEST FRIEND--!!

BEVEWW, YOU'VE JUST
BEING SIWWY! HOWAWD
WOVES YOU! BESIDES,
PAULW IS WIGHT--

--WHEN HOWAWD
WAWKED IN TONIGHT,
HE WASN'T
HIMSEWF!

ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MY DEAR
MS. WESTER! YOUR FRIEND
IS NOT HIMSELF! HE HAS
SUCCUMBED TO THE CURSE
OF THE UNDEAD!

A MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR
COMING THROUGH THE
APARTMENT DOOR TO TELL
US SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO HOWARD!

IMPOSSIBLE!

WHY
IMPOSSIBLE?

BECAUSE
WE'RE ON THE
SECOND FLOOR!

A MINOR OBSTACLE, MS. SWITZLER,
TO HAROLD. H. HAROLD... VAMPIRE
HUNTER!

DESPITE MY DISABILITY--
OR PERHAPS, ON ACCOUNT
OF IT-- I HAVE SPENT
WEEKS TRAILING THE
LOATHSOME LORD OF THE
VAMPIRES... DRACULA! I'D
LONG BEEN FAMILIAR WITH
THE FANGED FIEND'S
HABITS --

--FOR, IN THE COMPANY
OF BLADE, THE VAMPIRE
SLAYER, DR QUINCY HARKER,
THE LOVELY RACHEL VAN
HELSING, AND DRACULA'S
DESCENDANT, FRANK DRAKE,
I'D HUNTED AND BEEN
HUNTED BY THAT TRANSYL-
VANIAN BLOODSUCKER!

PERHAPS YOU'VE
READ ABOUT IT IN
MY BOOK 2 NO 2
TOO BAD!

THE VAMPIRE CONSPIRACY

H.H. HAROLD



I'VE COME TO CLEVELAND TO FIND DRACULA--AND TO DESTROY HIM, BEFORE SOME LESSER TALENT TRIES TO SCRIBE HIS RAVAGINGS!

EVERYTH-
ER, EVERY-
THING, MS
WESTER!

BUT WHAT'S AWW THIS
GOT TO DO WITH POOW
HOWARD?



YOU SEE, YOUR
FRIEND WAS BITTEN
BY THE VAMPIRE!
NOT ENOUGH BLOOD
WAS DRAWN TO--
GAD! WHAT'S THAT??

A
PORTRAIT
I PAINTED
OF BEV!

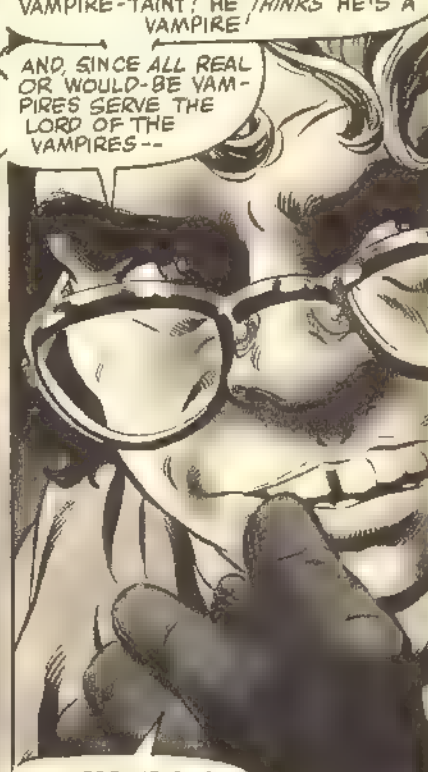
NICE
GRAPEFRUITS, NOW,
WHERE WAS I? OH,
YES--NOT ENOUGH
BLOOD WAS DRAWN
TO KILL YOUR
MISTER DUCK...



... BUT THE VERY FACT THAT HE WAS
BITTEN BY DRACULA MEANS THAT
HOWARD IS SUFFERING FROM THE
VAMPIRE-TAINT! HE THINKS HE'S A
VAMPIRE!

AND, SINCE ALL REAL
OR WOULD-BE VAM-
PIRES SERVE THE
LORD OF THE
VAMPIRES--

--WHERE WE FIND
DRACULA, THERE WILL
WE FIND HOWARD
THE DUCK!



LATER THAT SAME EVENING IN THE NEARBY ENCLAVE OF
SHAKER HEIGHTS.

G'NIGHT, FREDDY!
G'NIGHT, TEDDY!
THANKS FOR
BRINGIN' US HOME
FROM THE GAME!

BUT FIX
THE SPRINGS
IN YOUR BACK
SEAT, HUH?



BIDDING ADIEU TO THEIR BLEMISHED BEAUS, THE PAIR OF
PERT YOUNG CHEERLEADERS TURN THEIR TIRED STEPS
TOWARD HOME.

UNAWARE THAT THEIR
EVERY MOVE IS BEING
OBSERVED BY TWO
BALEFUL, BEADY, BLOOD-
SHOT EYES!

SUSTENANCE!

MAMA HANNA
ITALIAN ICES





I THIRST--AND BELOW ME TREAD A DOUBLE-DIP DELIGHT!

FAY DO YOU FEEL LIKE SOMEBODY'S WATCHING US?

YEAH, EVERYTIME I PASS THIS CORNER, ADRIENNE. IT MUST BE THOSE CREEPS IN THE BASO HOUSE

SUDDENLY,



EEK! ADRIENNE, SOMETHING'S POUNCED ON YOUR POM-POM!



A-AND NOW T-- IT'S EATING T

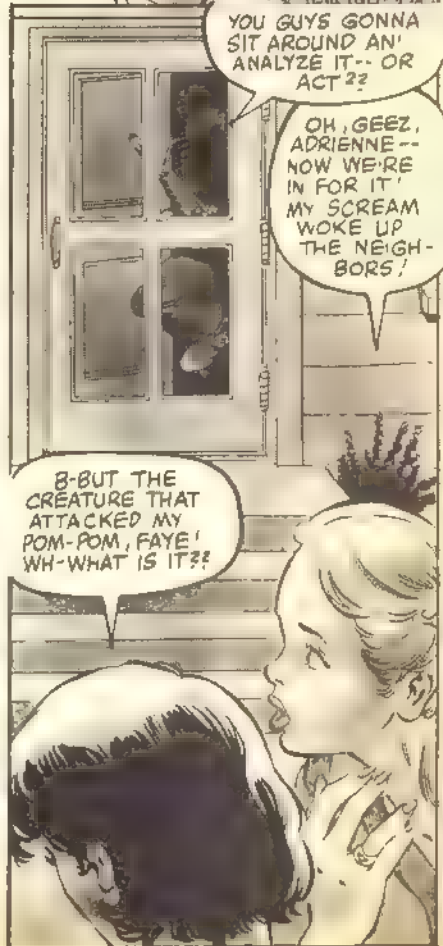


MEANWHILE, IN THE BASO HOUSE,

DONNY! CHARLIE! DID YOU GUYS HEAR THAT SCREAM?

I HEARD IT, HARRY! DID YOU HEAR IT, CHARLIE?

I HEARD IT, DONNY--KINDA LIKE THE DEATH-WAIL OF A MORTALLY WOUNDED POM-POM!

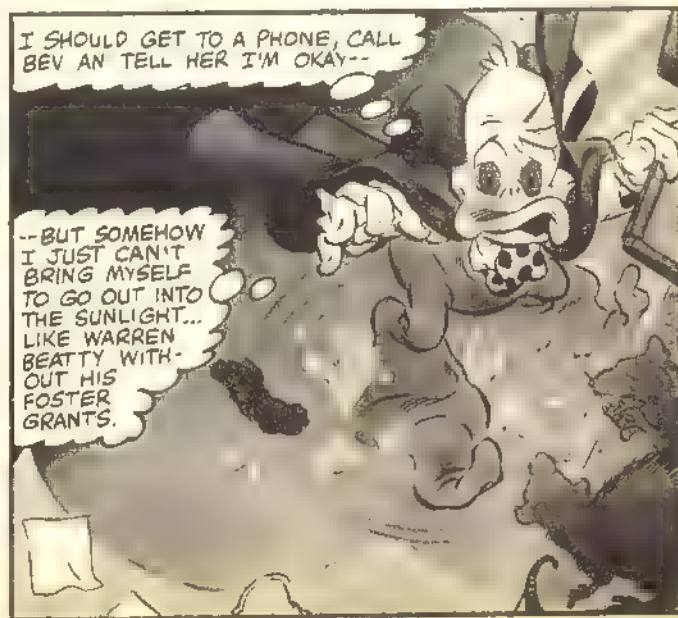
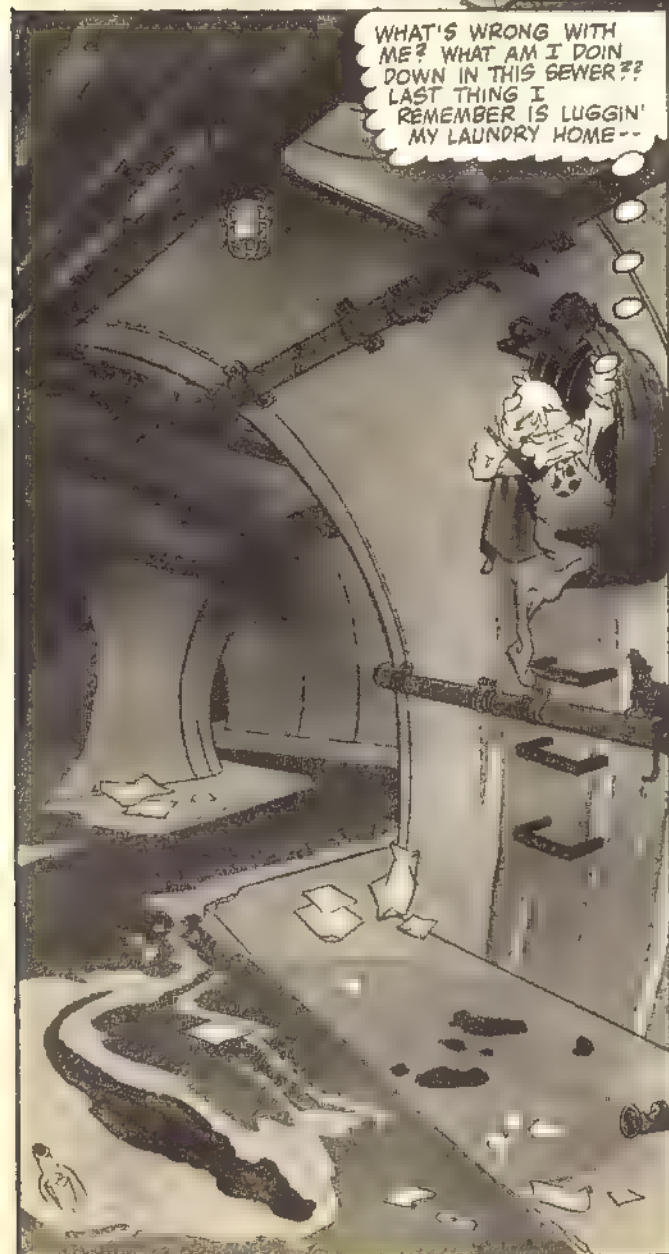
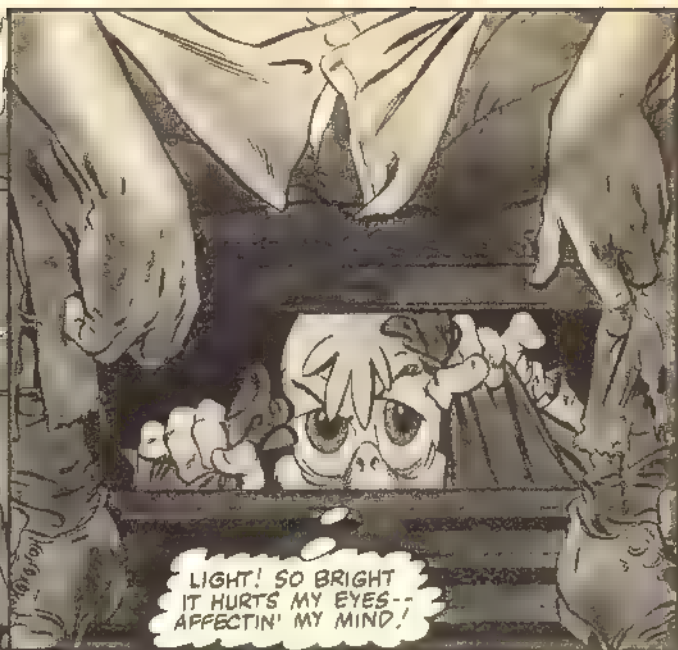
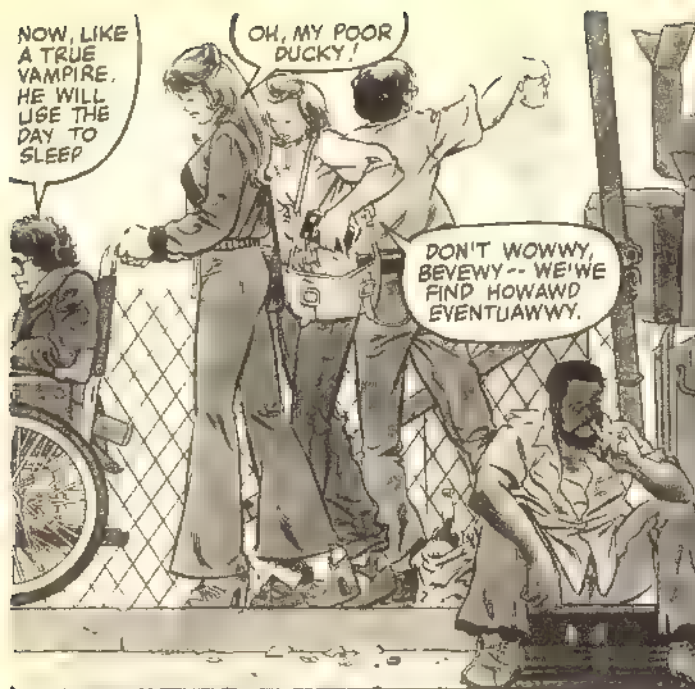


YOU GUYS GONNA SIT AROUND AN' ANALYZE IT-- OR ACT??

OH, GEEZ, ADRIENNE-- NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! MY SCREAM WOKE UP THE NEIGHBORS!

B-BUT THE CREATURE THAT ATTACKED MY POM-POM, FAYE! WH-WHAT IS IT??





FINDING A DRY NICHE, HOWARD LAYS HIMSELF DOWN.

NOW WHAT, MR. HAROLD? YOU'VE SHOWN THAT PICTURE ALL OVER CLEVELAND, AND NO ONE'S SEEN MY DUCKY!

THEN
HOPEFULLY,
SOMEONE
WILL THINK
TO NOTIFY
US.

WE'D COVER MORE GROUND IF WE HAD A CAR!

I'LL CALL MY UNCLE LEE--HE OWNS A TAXI CAB COMPANY.

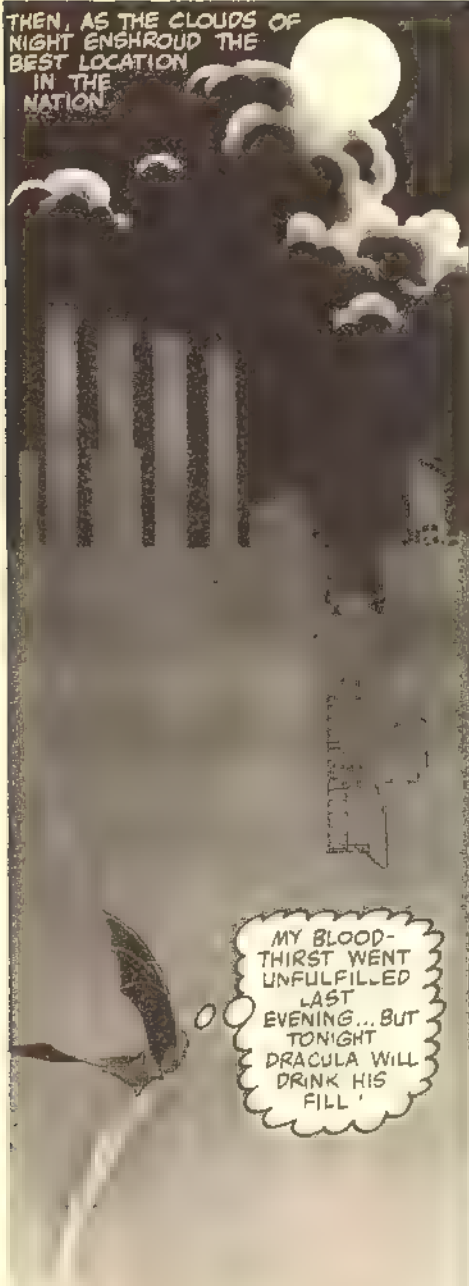
PAUW AND I WIIWWW GET SOME SWEET, AND THEN WEWIEVE YOU AT MIDNIGHT.

BLASTED COFFEE DISSOLVED THE SPOON!?

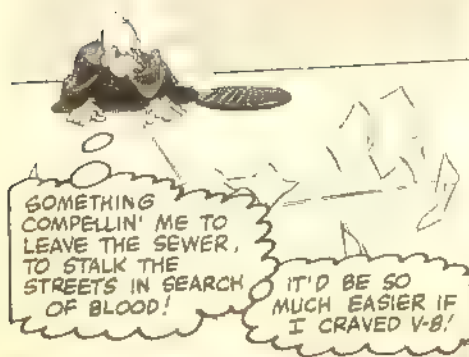
BLASTED
COFFEE
DISSOLVED
THE
SPOON "2

PAUW AND I WIWW
GET SOME SWEEP
AND THEN WEWIEVE
YOU AT MIDNIGHT.

THEN, AS THE CLOUDS OF NIGHT ENSHROUD THE BEST LOCATION IN THE NATION



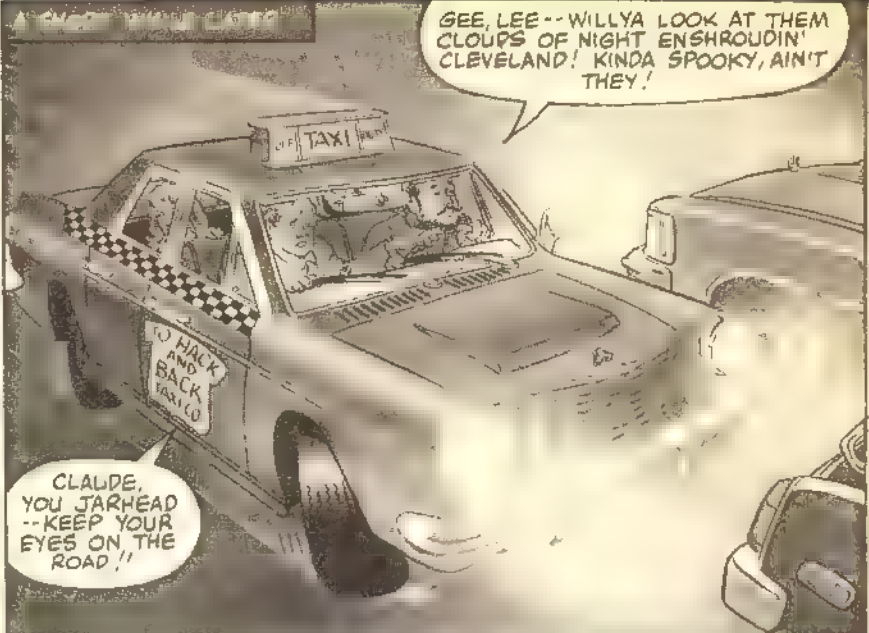
MY BLOOD-THIRST WENT UNFULFILLED LAST EVENING... BUT TONIGHT DRACULA WILL DRINK HIS FILL!



SOMETHING COMPELLIN' ME TO LEAVE THE SEWER, TO STALK THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF BLOOD!

IT'D BE SO MUCH EASIER IF I CRAVED V-B!

EACH UNAWARE OF THE OTHER, THE TWO FEARSOME FIENDS DEPART!



GEE, LEE--WILLYA LOOK AT THEM CLOUDS OF NIGHT ENSHROUDIN' CLEVELAND! KINDA SPOOKY, AIN'T THEY!

CLAUDE, YOU JARHEAD --KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD!!



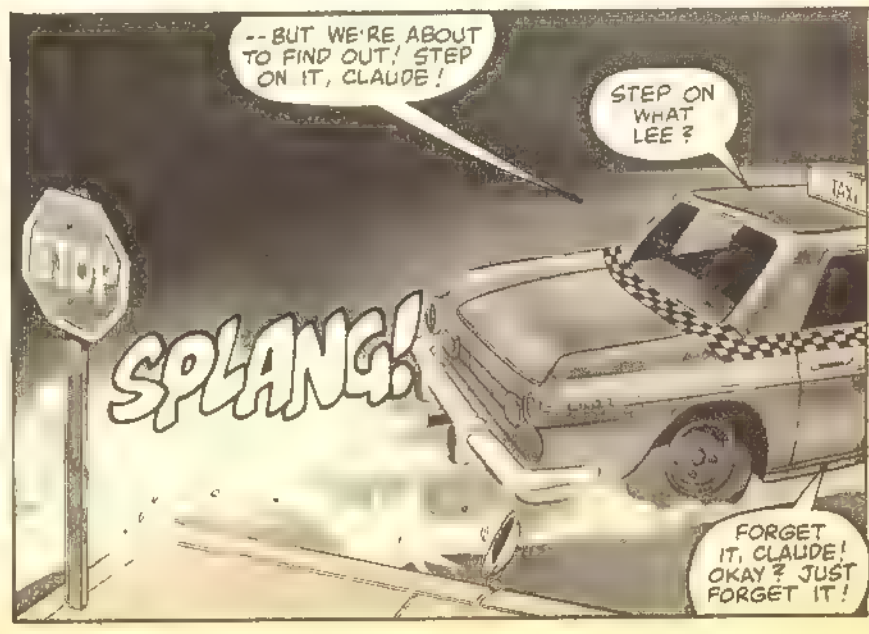
IF IT WOULDN'T DISTRACT YOUR MECHANIC, MR SWITZLER PERHAPS THERE'S SOME NEWS OF HOWARD ON THE RADIO!

A BRASS BAND COULDN'T DISTRACT CLAUDE STARKOWITZ WHEN HE'S DRIVIN' MISTER!

..FLASH. POLICE REPORT STRANGE NOCTURNAL ATTACKS AT THE CLEVELAND ZOO...

UNCLE LEE! COULD IT BE HOWARD??

I DUNNO, BEV BABY--



-- BUT WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT! STEP ON IT, CLAUDE!

STEP ON WHAT LEE?

SPLANG!

FORGET IT, CLAUDE! OKAY? JUST FORGET IT!

THE DEEP SHADOWS OF EVENTIDE ENVELOPE THE CLEVELAND ZOO, SHUTTING OUT LIGHT LIKE A SKI MASK PUT ON BACKWARDS! ALTERED BY THEIR CAPTIVITY, NATURALLY NOCTURNAL ANIMALS SLEEP! CHANGED BY THE VAMPIRE-TAINT.

HOWARD THE DUCK
PROWLs THE PEDESTRIAN
PATHWAYS BETWEEN
THE QUIET CAGES!

CHILDREN
ZOO

WHY HAVE I COME HERE?
WHAT IS THERE IN THIS
PUTRID PRISON TO EXCITE
MY PULLET PASSIONS?

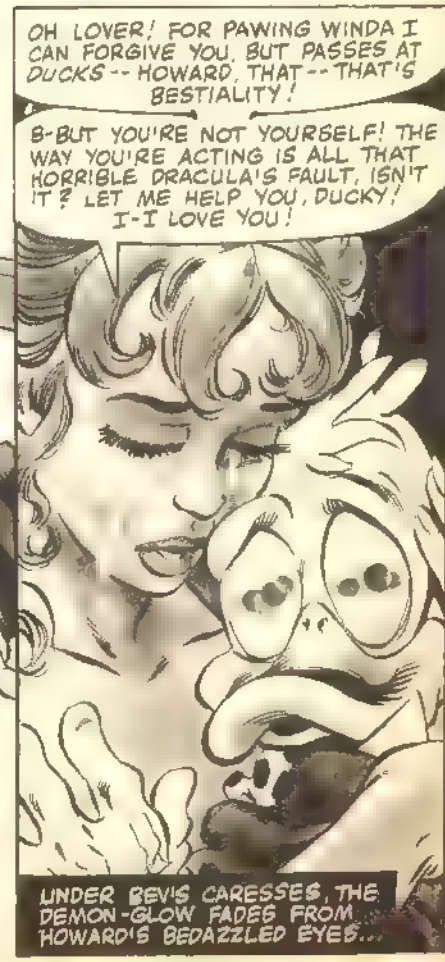
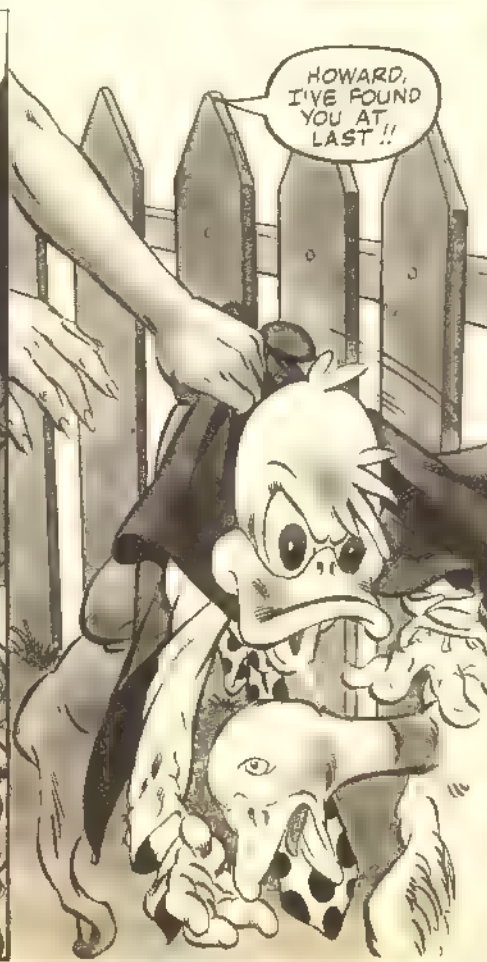
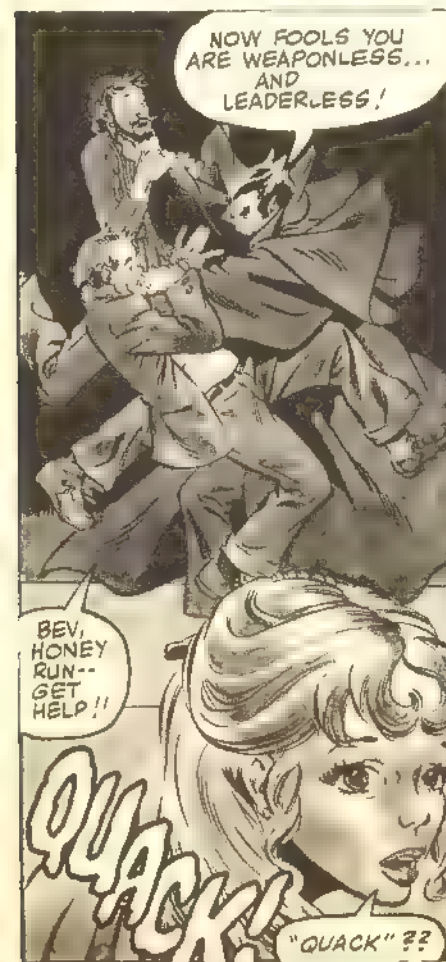
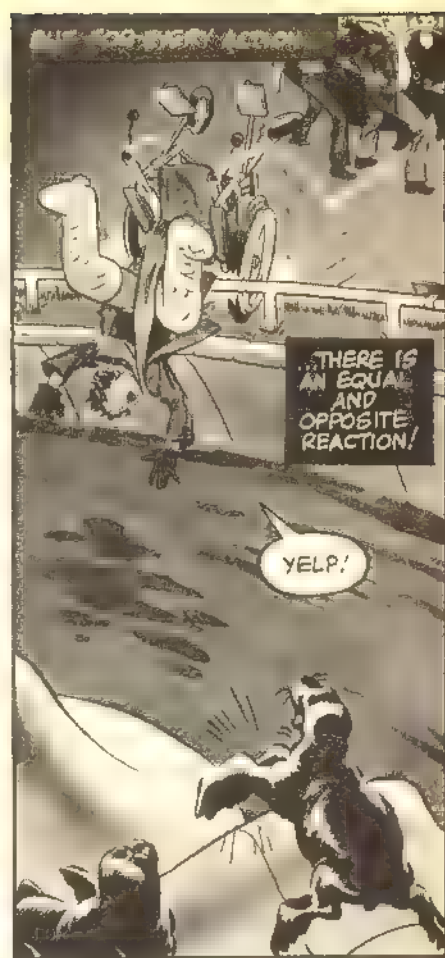
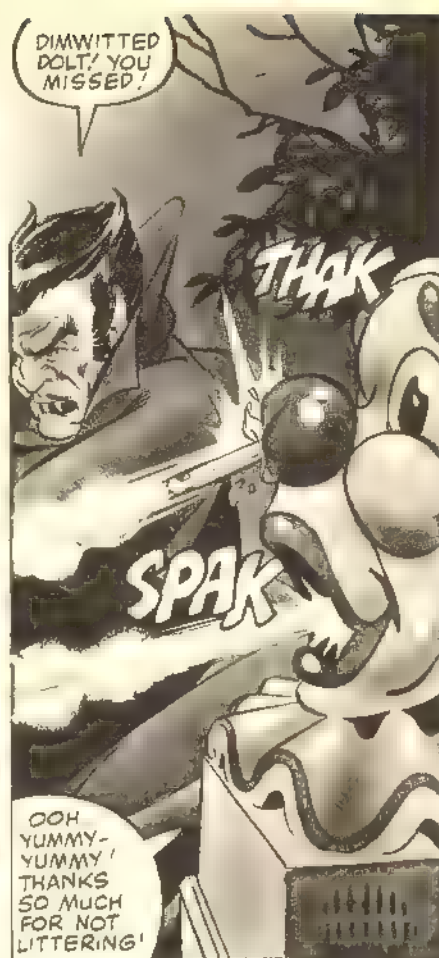
AH-HA!

LOOK INTO MY EYES,
MY LOVELY! DEEPER!
NOW COME-- COME
TO YOUR LORD
AND MASTER!

SUBMIT, AND
I WILL MAKE
YOU THE BRIDE
OF DRACULA!

DRACULA!
UNHAND THAT
WOMAN! I'M
WARNING
YOU! THIS
WHEELCHAIR
IS ARMED!

WHO ARE YOU
TO SPEAK SO TO THE
LORD OF THE VAMPIRES??



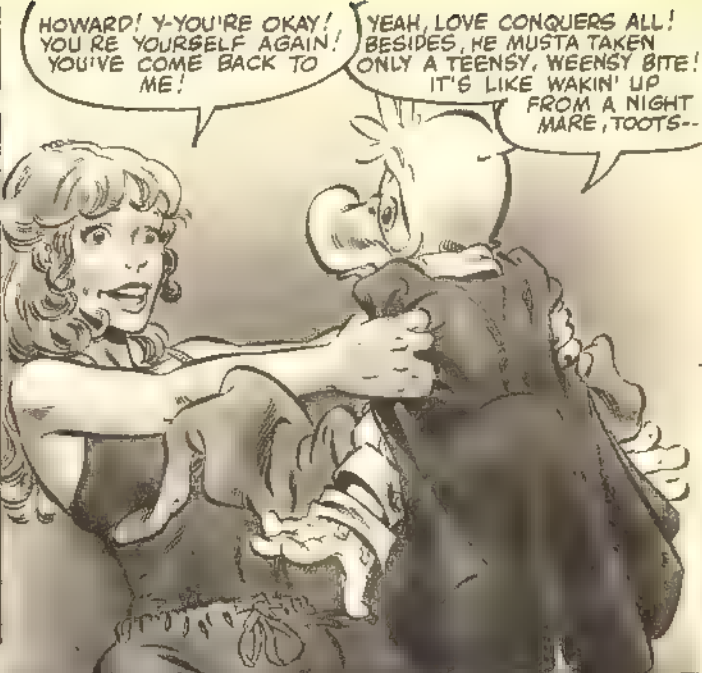
...AND HE WAKES TO
A BETTER, BRIGHTER
TOMORROW!



AN' I LOVE YOU, TOO,
BEV! I WOULDN'T
HURT YA FOR ALL
THE WORLD!

HOWARD! Y-YOU'RE OKAY!
YOU'RE YOURSELF AGAIN!
YOU'VE COME BACK TO
ME!

YEAH, LOVE CONQUERS ALL!
BESIDES, HE MUSTA TAKEN
ONLY A TEENSY, WEENSY BITE!
IT'S LIKE WAKIN' UP
FROM A NIGHT
MARE, TOOTS--



--AN' THERE'S
THE SLOBBERIN'
SERPENT THAT
CAUSED IT IN THE
FIRST PLACE!
DRACULA! I OWE
YOU, FANGFACE!

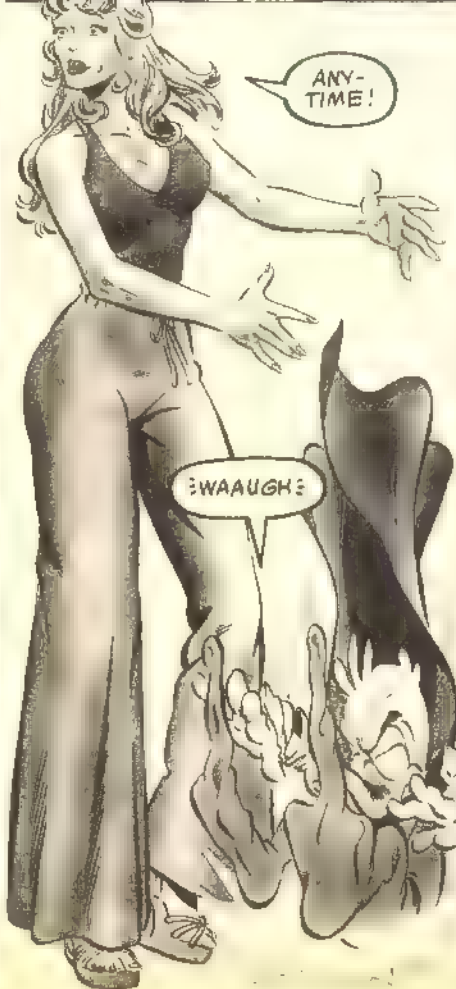
SO! THE FOWL
THAT LEFT THAT
UNSPEAKABLE
AFTERTASTE IN
MY MOUTH LAST
EVENING
RETURNS!

WELL, IF I
CANNOT
REVENGE
MYSELF UP-
ON YOU BY
DRINKING
YOUR
BESTIAL
BLOOD--



--I CAN STILL
ATTACK YOU
THROUGH THOSE
YOU LOVE!
WOMAN LOOK
INTO MY EYES!

COME
TO ME!



ANY-
TIME!

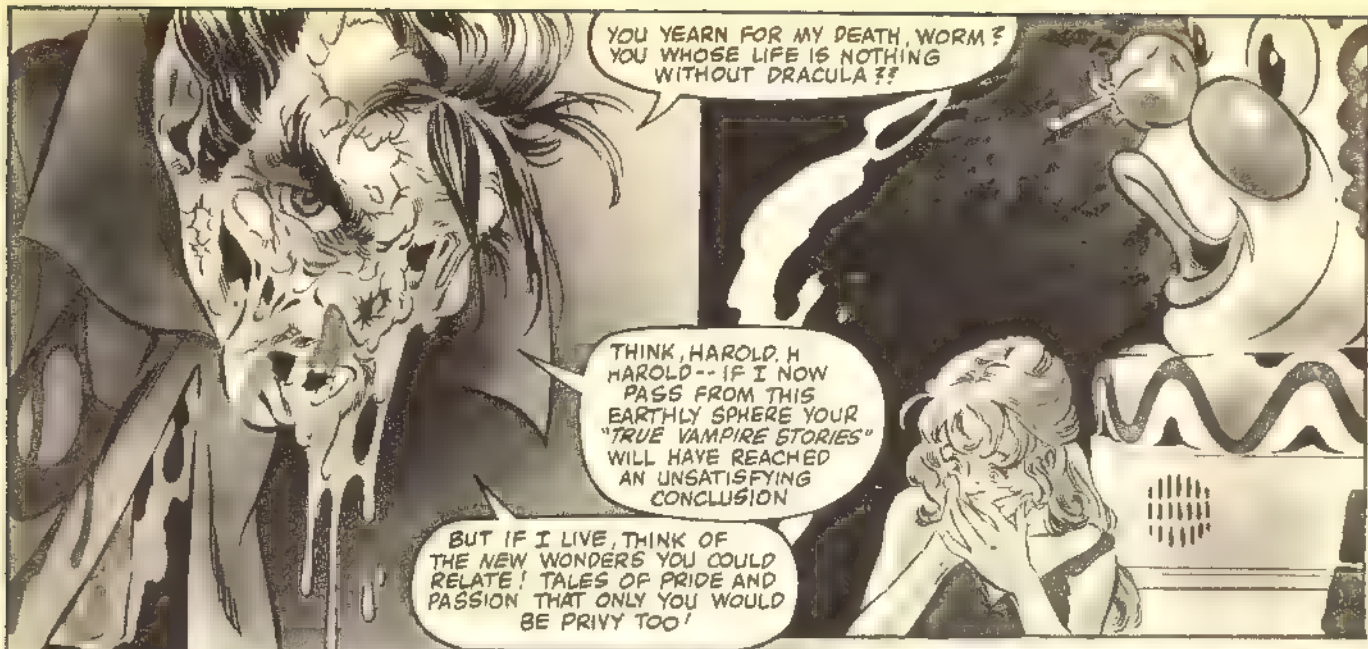
:WAAUGH:



IF THAT CAPED AND
COWLED CASANOVA
THINKS I'M JUST
GONNA SQUAT HERE
WHILE HE PUTS THE
MAKE ON MY LADY-
LOVE--

--HE'S
GONNA FIND
I'VE GOT A
STAKE IN THE
RELATIONSHIP!





YOU YEARN FOR MY DEATH, WORM?
YOU WHOSE LIFE IS NOTHING
WITHOUT DRACULA?!

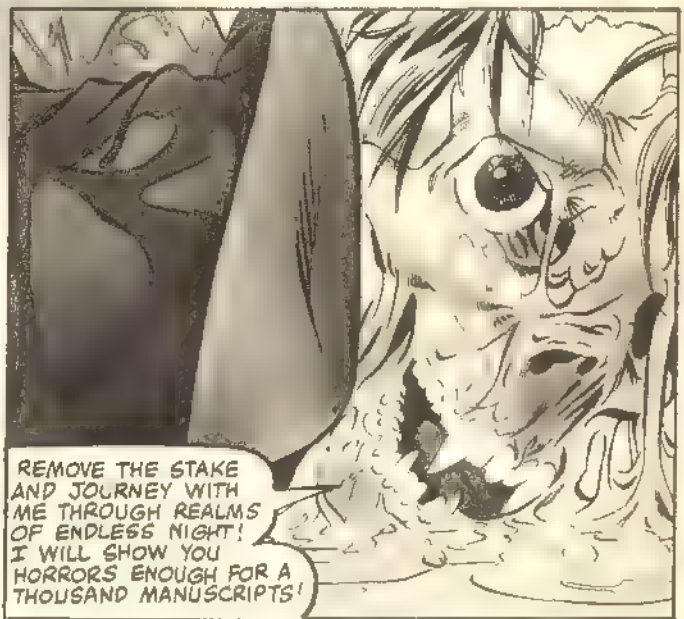
THINK, HAROLD. H
HAROLD-- IF I NOW
PASS FROM THIS
EARTHLY SPHERE YOUR
"TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES"
WILL HAVE REACHED
AN UNSATISFYING
CONCLUSION

BUT IF I LIVE, THINK OF
THE NEW WONDERS YOU COULD
RELATE! TALES OF PRIDE AND
PASSION THAT ONLY YOU WOULD
BE PRIVY TOO!



CAREFUL, FELLA
HE'S TRYIN' TA
TEMPT YA!

HE'S DOING
A DAMNED
GOOD JOB
OF IT!

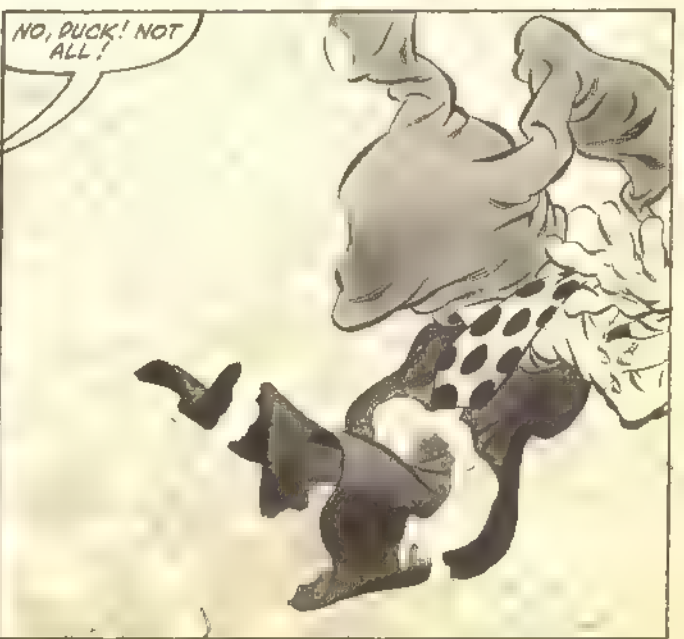


REMOVE THE STAKE
AND JOURNEY WITH
ME THROUGH REALMS
OF ENDLESS NIGHT!
I WILL SHOW YOU
HORRORS ENOUGH FOR A
THOUSAND MANUSCRIPTS!



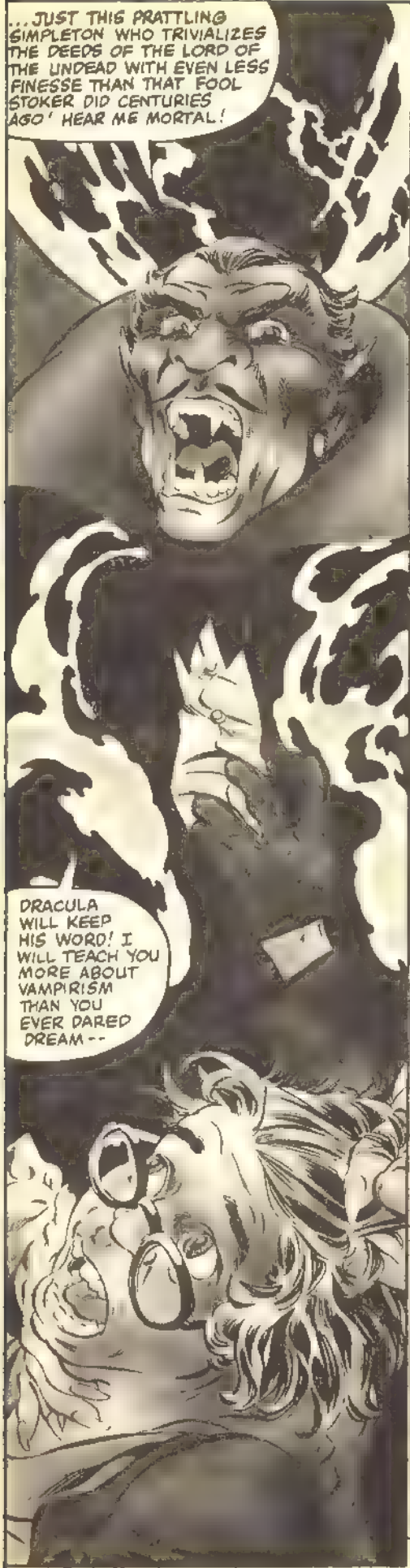
GOOD POINT!
I'LL DO IT!

NO,
NITWIT!
HE'LL
DRAIN
US ALL!



NO, DUCK! NOT
ALL!

... JUST THIS PRATTING
SIMPLETON WHO TRIVIALIZES
THE DEEDS OF THE LORD OF
THE UNDEAD WITH EVEN LESS
FINESSE THAN THAT FOOL
STOKER DID CENTURIES
AGO! HEAR ME MORTAL!



DRACULA
WILL KEEP
HIS WORD! I
WILL TEACH YOU
MORE ABOUT
VAMPIRISM
THAN YOU
EVER DARED
DREAM--



-- BY MAKING YOU
ONE WITH THE
CREATURES OF
THE NIGHT!

UH, ACTUALLY,
I'VE CHANGED
MY MIND! THIS
PUTS A WHOLE
NEW LIGHT
ON TH-



SWAAK!



THEN, HAVING
DRUNK HIS
FILL... DRACULA
IS GONE!

THREE NIGHTS LATER...

WHATCHA READING, DUCKY?

THE PLAIN-DEALER, TOOTS. LISTEN TO THIS: "THREE DAYS AFTER THE ALLEGED VAMPIRIC ATTACKS AT THE CLEVELAND ZOO, POLICE SAY MYSTERY STILL CLOUDS THIS CASE

"WORKMAN INTERRING THE UNCLAIMED BODY OF VICTIM HAROLD H. HAROLD IN POTTER'S FIELD."

...CLAIM TO HAVE WITNESSED LATE LAST NIGHT, A DECAYING CORPSE WITH CASTS ON BOTH LEGS CLAWING ITS WAY OUT OF THE FRESHLY-DUG GRAVE

"GIVEN THE HYSTERIA SURROUNDING THIS CASE, AND THE INTOXICATED STATE OF THE WORKMEN--"

"-- POLICE DOUBT THE VERACITY OF THEIR STORY!"
HAH!

POOR OLD HAROLD H. HAROLD-- BUT I'LL BET HIS NEXT BOOK'S GONNA BE A BOMBSHELL!

MARVEL MAGAZINES'LL GRAB YA!



**YES!
I
WANT
TO BE
GRABBED!**

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Fowl Fiends And Felonious Fellows

WHO CAN YOU TRUST? This must be the primary question in our duck's mind as he remembers the various villains who've harrassed and tormented him in the past. For it isn't only the bad and the ugly who must be approached warily, but the *pretty*, the *innocuous* and the *banal*! Life, in Howard-land, is made miserable by those we least fear. Furthermore, you don't have to be a Freudian to understand the implications of the following villains, for it's obvious that they represent —



YOUR MOM?! What else would the Kidney Lady stand for, but a monster MOTHER, given to moralizing speeches, insane polemics against impurity, and quick application of physical punishment? You can't win against her, because she's absolutely irrevocably and forever sure that she's right. This is the MOTHER MONSTER we all fear even if our real-life Mom is the greatest.

YOUR KIDS?! "I'm only baking cookies," says little Patsy. "Ah, but they're *godless* cookies, aren't they, little girl?" replies the Reverend Yuc, making the only accurate statement he's ever made. Listen, every parent knows that the time to worry is when the little monsters are *quiet*, that's when they're really up to mischief. And adult guilt comes in, too. There's probably no parent on earth without guilt toward his or her child. What if the kids should *turn* on us? Little Patsy does.



YOUR ACCOUNTANT?!

Next to being injured by those close to your heart there's nothing worse than being manipulated and betrayed by those who are close to your wallet! Accountants and bankers can prove *anything*. No matter how right you feel, they'll produce miles of adding machine tape and reams of computer read-out to prove you wrong.

WHO CAN YOU TRUST?

According to Howard the Duck, NO ONE!

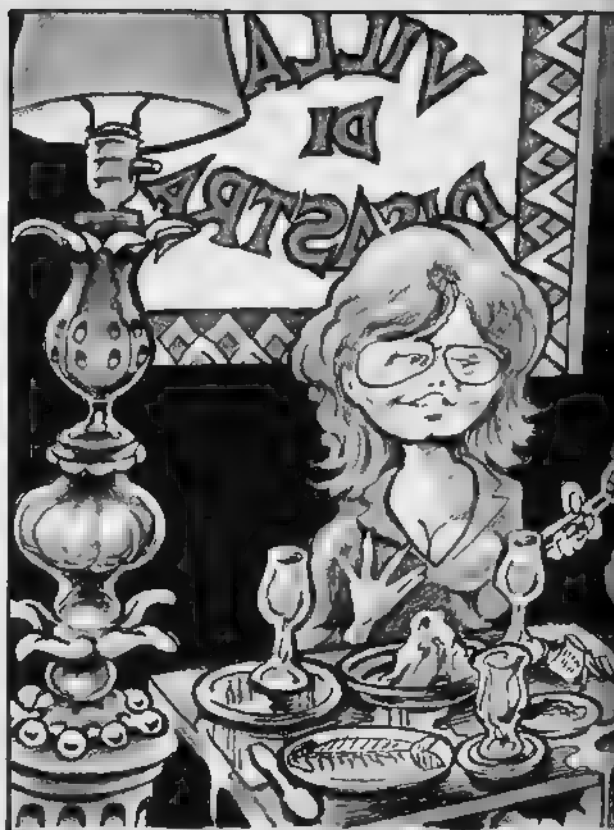
(continued on page 32)

At the bottom of these pages is a very small rogues gallery. It doesn't, of course, come close to listing the many and varied kinds of baddies our drake has come up against, but does further our point: in Howard's world it is those we least suspect of evil that are likely to do us in. Cute animals, vegetables, doctors, friends, and smiley buttons have all committed more than their share of villainy. Howard's original writer, Steve Gerber, took a turn as a villain of sorts with Howard the Duck comic #16 which, while a creative and audacious attempt to explain away missing a deadline, still let down the duck and his fans, who were looking forward to the conclusion of Howard's run-in with Dr. Bong. And, like the rest of us, Howard is sometimes his own worst enemy.

Howard lives in a paranoid's nightmare: not only does he think they're all out to get him but they are. The only time he's being unrealistic is when he forgets this! But all these fiends and felonious fellows are only manifestations of the innate hostility of the universe. Reality, in Howard's case, is hostile in and of itself. He does his best to be dignified, noble, and caring. Yet invariably, at the point in which he stands clothed in good intentions, Life, with a hearty chuckle, jerks the rug from beneath his feet and he falls, dismayed, upon his oft-bruised posterior.

Not a nice universe to live in. What does it do to your character when you find that no one and nothing can be trusted?

We decided to find out by having an



Interview with

It was a dark, rainy day — the kind of day which seems perfect for a meeting with a duck. Meet we did, by appointment, at an over-decorated and pretentious Italian restaurant on Manhattan's east side. He kept me waiting while armies of tuxedo-clad waiters whisked back and forth with trays that wafted delicious odors to this starving reporter.





The Duck by Lynn Graeme

At last Howard arrived. He came in from the torrential rain remarkably dry, hat pulled down over his bill, tie skewed to the side, a jaunty little figure whose eyes flickered nervously from side to side as he took in his surroundings. Signs of paranoia? I wondered. The maitred' — a tall, grand-looking fellow who looked remarkably like Cesare Romero — sniffed at Howard,

standing there with droplets of water running off him and onto the carpet, and then deigned to show him to my table.

Face to beak the little guy seemed strangely imposing.

"Relax, toots," he said, hopping gracefully up onto the semi-circular booth, "I ain't as ugly as I look."



I agreed that wasn't possible, and told Howard to order whatever he wished — it was on the company.

While he studied the menu I studied him. It's always been a little hard for me to believe that a duck could pass as a man but, sitting next to Howard now, I understood. He just *acted* so self-assured and dignified that, unless I forced myself to look hard at him, I felt he was a person. Well, he *is* a person, of course, but I mean I felt he was a *people*-type person. He glanced up and caught me staring. I think I blushed.

"Take a picture, kid. It'll last longer."

"Sure!" I waved over at the bar where Ned Sonntag, scruffy photographer/artist, was waiting for just this moment. He shuffled shyly over and stared fixedly at Howard.

"I love ducks," Ned said softly, "ducks are a lotta fun."

Howard, in the midst of taking a drink of water, choked and sputtered.

"Just take the picture, Neddy, quick!" I hadn't known a duck could get red with anger, but Howard was definitely in a snit.

Ned snapped a few pictures and wandered back through the rivers of waiters to the bar.

We ordered while Howard kept darting bright, suspicious looks at Ned. Ned waved at him and Howard bit down hard on his cigar.

"Excuse me, Mr. Duck" — "Call me Howard," — "I'm sorry Ned got on your nerves, but there's nothing to worry about, well, not very much, anyway. I mean, just look at him — he's pretty innocent and harmless looking, don't you think?"

"Exactly!" Howard yelled; heads turned and he sank back into the booth. "Those're the ones ya can't trust, toots. Take it from me."

"That's exactly what I've been thinking about, Howard. It seems as though you have something about you — and I don't mean the fact that you're a duck, that seems almost irrelevant sometimes — but something about you that attracts some pretty strange villains."

"I mean, you get menaced by little girls, cookies, eggs-over-easy, alarm clocks, old ladies....."

"Ah, cut it out, will ya? I'm losin' my appetite!"

However, the meal he ordered showed he hadn't lost it entirely. When the waiter had gone again Howard sat alternately chewing his cigar and snapping bites of breadstick.

"The breadsticks are the best thing here," I said. Howard stared at me sharply, and then sighed.

"Okay. You want the truth, kid? That stuff about my bein' hounded by old ladies an' little kids an' soap bubbles an' all the rest — it's true, and it's *humiliatin'*! I already saved the universe a couple times, been a real *hero*, but what kinda stories d'you think I could ever tell my grandkids — if I ever have any, which I doubt — about my heroics? 'An' then there was the time I saved New York City from a big buncha bubbles, an' another time there was this giant roach that was gonna get control of the universe, but this caterpillar an' me...." Ah, it just sounds dumb!" The waiter brought our shrimp cocktails and Howard ate them duck-style, tails and all, in little gulps. Ned snuck over and took another picture, then scuttled back to the bar when Howard glared at him.

"It must be tough, being a hero in such un-heroic ways," I said sympathetically.

"Life's just one big, slippery banana peel," Howard muttered gloomily. "Back home... Okay. I wasn't any kinda hero, ya know? I didn't really fit in anywhere, I was kinda on the fringes of life. But at least I wasn't being harrassed by nut cases" he glanced up just in time as the waiter leaned over to deliver our lunch, and for one moment Duck and Italian seemed in sympathy "an' reality didn't keep changin' on me. I don't hardly know what's real anymore."

"Fish."

"What?"

"Good fish," I repeated. "G'won, eat."

The half bottle of wine we'd ordered was almost empty and I ordered another as the duck quaffed deeply from his glass.

"It's because I don't belong here," the depressed drake muttered. "None of this stuff ever happened back on my own world. Back there I was nobody an' I *liked* it that way. Nobody stared at me and said —"

"W-Why, you're a duck!" the wine steward blurted as he spilled a good amount of the new bottle of wine on the table cloth. I winced, Howard scowled, and the shaken man went away, muttering and looking back.

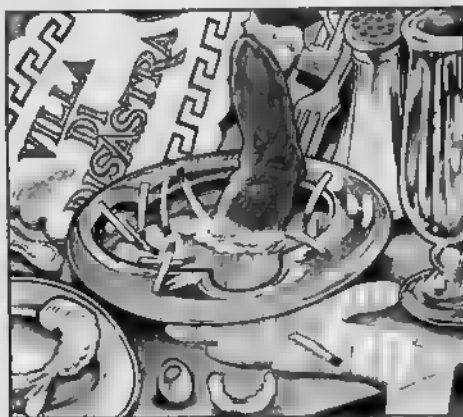
"Howard, what's the thing you want most?"

"The old world, my world, the world of decent feathered folk. I wanna go home." Was that a tear I saw in his eye? I had tears in mine. Lifting my wine glass, I forced a smile.

"Then let's have a toast, Howard. To the day you go home."

The duck drank deep.

And that was a tear in his eye.



END



There has never been another year like 1938...
And there has never been another man like...

FORTUNE!

**DOMINIC FORTUNE:
BRIGAND-FOR-HIRE!**

The EXPLOSIVE new feature in
THE HULK! full color magazine.

**DOMINIC FORTUNE:
BRIGAND-FOR-HIRE!**

Writing by DENNY O'NEIL
Art by HOWIE CHAYKIN

begins in

**The
HULK!**

#21

with

**"ALL IN COLOR
FOR A CRIME!"**

ON SALE IN MID-APRIL!





Claude Starkowitz

You've heard the old saying: "With friends like these, who needs enemies?"

Well, not only has our harried hero *Howard the Duck* been accosted and assaulted by his fearsome foes time and again... he's also had to suffer because of those we would call his friends.

Take, for example, Howard's maiden voyage to Earth: If the Cosmic Axis had shifted for you or me we'd probably find ourselves in the Tape Boutique at the local shopping mall. Not our fowl! Y'see, snatched from Duckworld, Howard was dropped into the midst of the Florida Everglades... smack in the middle of a 'war of the worlds' between the forces of, what else?, good and evil.



Son of Satan

A FOND LOOK AT FOWL FRIENDS

BY BILL MANTLO



Man-Thing

Good was represented by such luminaries as *Dakimh the Sorcerer*, the empath-psyche *Jennifer Kale*, the klutzy *Korrek the Barbarian*, the macabre *Man-Thing* and, much to his distress, *Howard* himself! Evil, assembled under the banner of the *Overmaster*, was just too nasty to enumerate. Now, if you had friends like the abovementioned, you'd expect them to use their powers to get you the heck out of there, wouldn't you? Not Howard's newfound pals! They expected him to stay and, what's more, to fight!

So fight Howard did and, the fighting

done, *Dakimh* then announced a further task for the comrades... to reshift the Cosmic Axis back to its proper position in time and space. Nice work if you can get it, but all Howard got was a fast fall from the Stepping Stones of Oblivion... a plunge that ended in a vacant lot in, of all places, Cleveland, USA!

So far, as you can see, having friends hadn't done a heckuva lot for our Howard. But friendless, having no one to turn to in a strange land inhabited by hairless apes who exhibited a marked intolerance toward talking ducks, didn't seem much better. Howard chose to deal



Santa Claus



Dakimh the Sorcerer

forcefully with adversity... by committing suicide.

Even that was not to be, however. Inside the tower from which Howard planned to hurl his body into space was one *Beverly Switzler*, a female hairless ape whose costume exposed as much of her hairlessness as possible under the Comics Code. Freeing her from the sinister sorcerer *Pro Rata*, Howard decided to keep company with the curvaceous damsel... a decision that began immediately to get him into trouble. After all, you don't place a duck beside a gal like *Bev* and expect people not to notice!

Notice they did... starting with a

foul-breathed old hag called the *Kidney Lady* whose torment of our dazed drake led directly to his encounter with Bev's boyfriend (sort of) *Arthur Winslow*, security guard and sometime author of unpublished science fiction who had the misfortune to come into contact with a tuber of unearthly origin — thus beginning his symbiotic relationship with the deadly *Space Turnip!*

Living with Bev, Howard also met *Paul Same*, an artist who roamed the night in a somnabulistic state, terrorizing critics and crooks alike as the wondrous *Winky-Man!* Then there was *Patty* and her *Cookie Monster*, a pastry pair sure to get a rise out of Howard, whom he would never have met unless



Winda Wester

he had regretted parting with Bev and gone to look for her... a search that also brought him into contact with the *Reverend Moon June Yuc* and his *Yuccies*, and *Heathcliff*, the world's weirdest real estate agent. And, tangentially, it was his association with Bev that got Howard involved in the 1976 Presidential race as a candidate for the *All-Night Party* — a position that saw him nearly assassinated, slandered, pilloried by the press, and attacked by the awesome *Le Beaver!*

Neither man nor mallard could long retain sanity in the face of such political



Korrek the Barbarian



Jennifer Kale

pressures — and when our canard's collapse came, it came big! A bus-ride to nightmare landed Howard in the Saurbraten County Mental Facility where a friendship with *Winda Wester* exposed Howard to demonic possession, exorcism, the *Son of Satan*, the cosmic *Kiss*, nasty *Nurse Barbara*, *Rev. Yuc* yet again... and *Adolph Hitler*. Yeah, things happened when Winda was around.

Reunited with Bev, Howard thought things might be normal for awhile. But Bev and Winda got themselves borne off on a flying carpet to the sunny arabian land of Bagmom and, determined to



Sunquist

help, Howard wound up supporting a palace revolution to free his ladyfriends.

Leaving Bagmom behind didn't prove to be any better. A melodic madman called *Doctor Bong* whisked our duo from the deck of the S.S. *Damned* to his island. There Bong proposed marriage to Bev and gave Howard "Neez"... a *Preparation-H* — for *Human* — that transformed Howard into a member of that very species he so detested. Separated from Bev, Howard the Duck became Howard the hairless ape!

But, before long he was back to his harried self, employed by Bev's uncle

Lee Switzler as a dishwasher in a New York greasy spoon until a coworker accidentally combined a foaming cleanser with the rays of a microwave oven and became *Sudd*, the *Scrubbing Bubble that Walked Like a Man* — a one-man morality campaign that served to set the stage for the advent of the sinister *Soofi* and her odious organization, *Save Our Offspring From Indecency*.

Friends.

No sooner had Lee Switzler left for Cleveland than *Dakimh*, *Korrek*, *Jennifer* and the *Man-Thing* showed up again, this time to embroil Howard in a galactic war against the bestial *Bzzk' Joh* and his



Winky-Man

Imperium Emporium based aboard that deadliest of retail dealerships... the *Death-Store!*

Back on Earth, the universe saved, Howard found that life *without* friends could be just as depressing as life *with* them, so he met the incoming S.S. *Damned* and was reunited with Winda and *Paul Same* who had fallen head-over-heels for a sexy socialite named *Iris Raritan*. Iris was a friend in the pattern already laid down above. Her desire for excitement led her to invite the *Ring-master* and his *Circus of Crime* to one of



Lee Switzler



Space Turnip

her parties — an invitation that, in turn, led to Howard's kidnapping as a major attraction and to the shooting of Paul Same and his subsequent lapse into a coma.

And, if that weren't enough, no sooner had Howard gotten Paul to a hospital when Dr. Bong reappeared to challenge Howard to a duel to the death, winner take all of Beverly's affections. It seems, despite her marriage to Bong, Bev still loved Howard. Armed as *Iron Duck* by Lee Switzer's mechanic friend *Claude Starkowitz*, a rattle-brained Vietnam vet who thought himself related to industrialist Tony Stark and chief armorer to Iron Man, Howard went into battle against Bong... and won — with help from Bev.

It was with a little help from his friends our Howard returned to Cleveland and took a job with Lee Switzer's To Hack and Back Taxi Company, driving around the "City of Light" into one case of insanity after another, becoming more and more enmeshed in this "World he never made," even to the point of being willing to befriend Claude Starkowitz's daughter *Carol* in order to save the world and Christmas from the ravages of that nuclear nutcase *Greedy Killerwatt*. What had come over our Howard? Was he giving up, accepting the status quo, losing his sarcasm and cynicism in the face of financial security and the concept of three square meals a day?

Not on your life!

Despite the love of his friends and the relative normalcy of the life he'd begun to forge for himself in Cleveland, Howard never lost sight of his roots. He longed to return to Duckworld.

And then, during their capture by the forces of B.E.S.T. — Bozoes Eagerly Serving Tyrants — when Howard discovered that Winda Webster's mental

powers could be employed to reshift the Cosmic Axis and send him home... well, all at once everything changed.

Howard once again had an alternative. It was no longer Earth or nothing. With Winda's help, he could escape this world he never made and revisit one he had helped to create. He would be free of both friends and foes at last!

But what about Bev? Sure, she'd gotten him into one perilous predicament after another. Sure she'd been married to Dr. Bong, leaving Howard to wander the world alone. Sure he'd had to lay his life on the line time and time again to win her back. But...

Well, it'd been worth it. Bev was still the best there was, as companion and lover. A bond had grown up between

damsel and duck that just couldn't be forgotten or denied. Did Howard now have to choose between home and his love for Bev?

No, because Bev was a woman who truly loved her fowl. She knew what Howard had gone through on Earth, and she knew his delicate hold on sanity might go at any minute unless he could once again stand amidst those of his own kind on Duckworld.

Bev had to make a decision, and she decided on the basis of what was best for Howard. And best for her, too, because she was determined that their relationship last.

That's friendship.

That's love.

That's what it's all about.

END



The All-Night Party

CAPTAIN AMERICANA

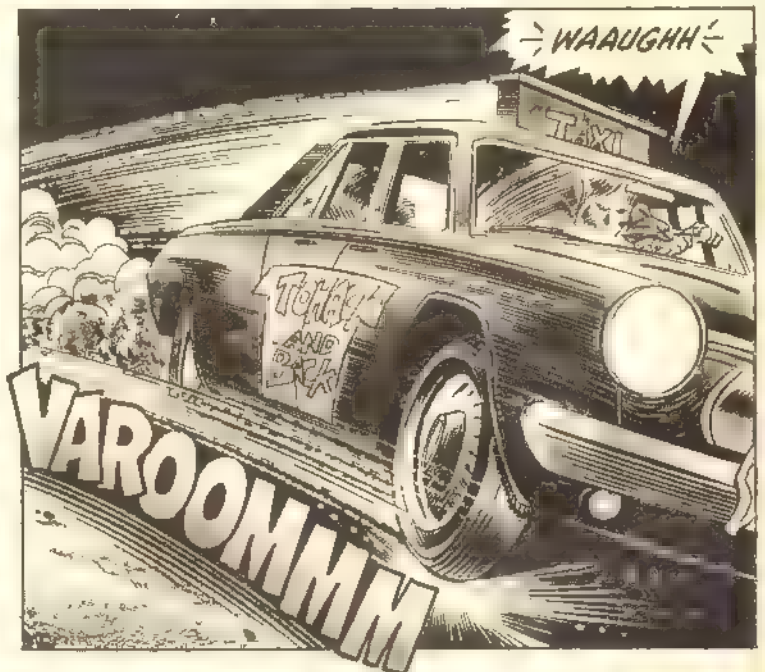
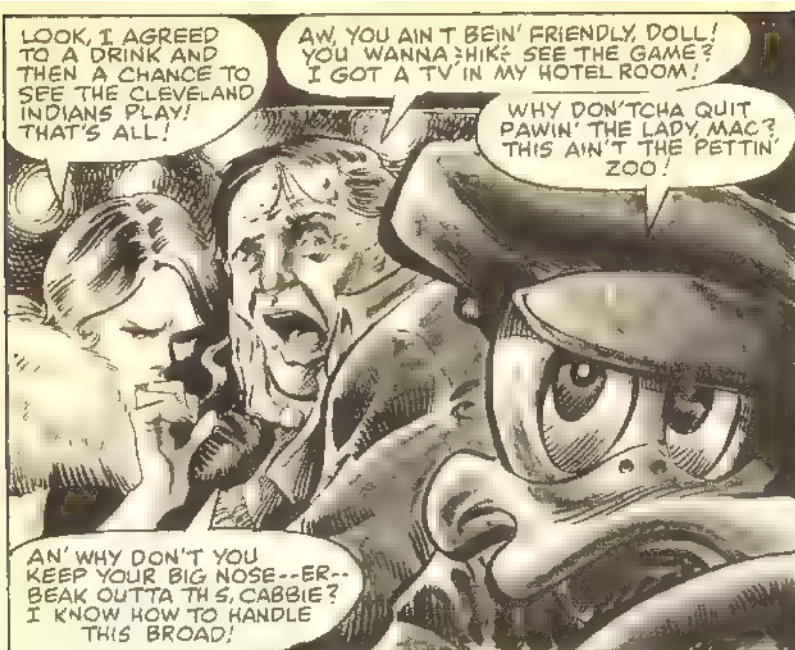
IT'S NIGHT OF FANG AND FEAR BEHIND HIM. HOWARD THE DUCK RETURNS TO THE DRUDGERY OF DRIVING A "TO HACK AND BACK" TAXI IN GREATER METROPOLITAN CLEVELAND... A JOB THAT GIVES OUR FOWL A FOUL VIEW OF THIS WORLD OF HAIRLESS APES!

ALL
RIGHT BLB--
CLEVELAND
MEMORIAL
STADIUM
AHEAD!
WHERE D YA
GET OFF?

THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I WAS ABOUT
TO ASK HIM,
DRIVER! GET
YOUR HOT
HANDS OFF ME,
MASHER!

AW, C MON
HICE BABY!
BE GOOD TA
DADDY AN
YOU'LL HICE
GET A
PRESENT!

SOUNDS LIKE
PAVLOVIAN INCEST,
BUSTER --OR MAYBE
RAPE WITH A
REWARD. I'M
NOT INTERESTED
IN EITHER ONE!





ALL RIGHT, CLOWN-- I HOPE YOU GOT A GOOD EXPLANATION! Y'KNOW, A CLEVELAND DRIVER'S LICENSE ISN'T A LICENSE TO KILL!

HEY! Y-YOU'RE A DUCK?!

YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE JAMES BOND??



OH, A WISE-GUY, HUH?

NOW THERE'S AN ORIGINAL LINE!

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, DUCK! I'M BOOKING YOU FOR DRUNK DRIVING!



SUDDENLY

KRAK

...AND THERE GOES CLEVELAND'S WINNING RUN, RIGHT OUT OF THE BALLPARK!

HOORAY!



WAACK

I AIN'T INSURED AGAINST BASEBALLS!



NOT TA MENTION BASEBALL FANS!!

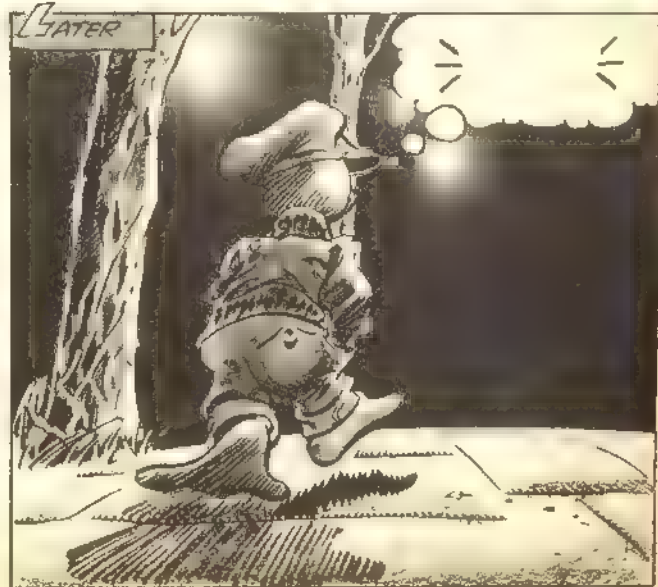
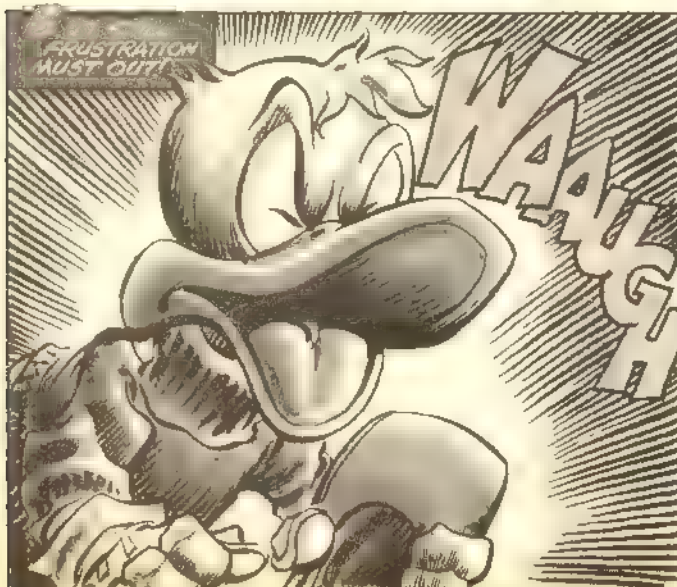
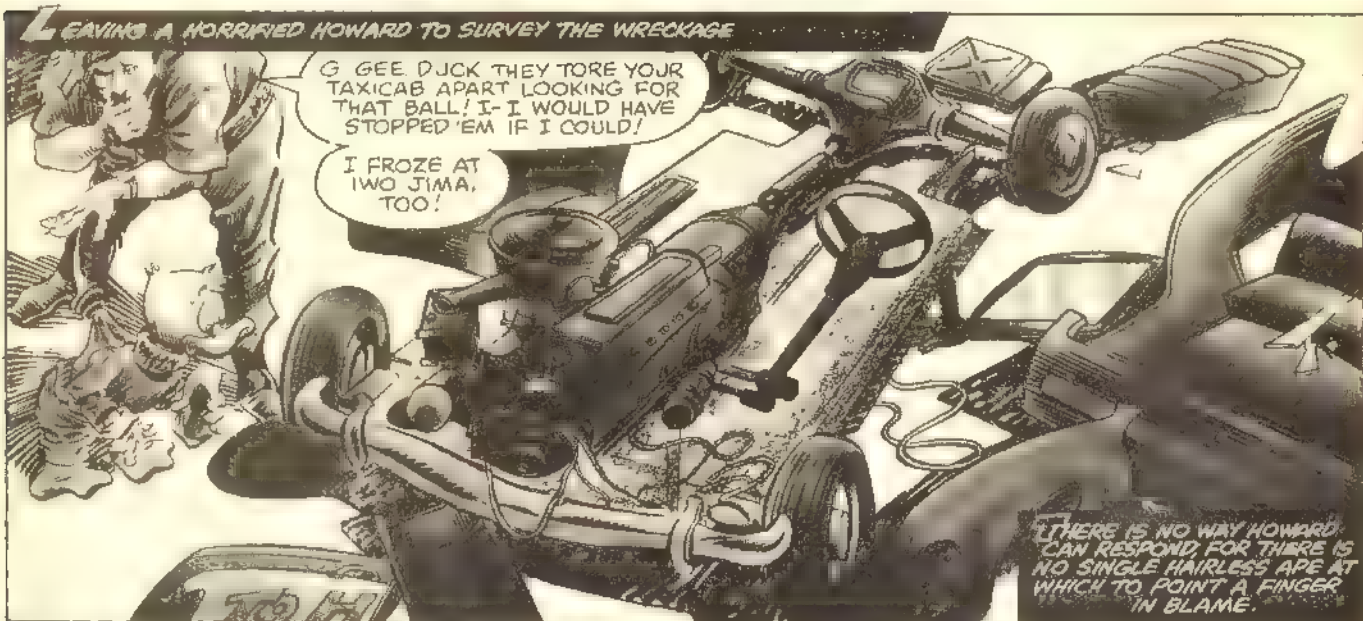
LAST TIME I SAW EXPRESSIONS LIKE THEIRS WAS ON THE FACES OF THE JAPS AS THEY CAME AT US ACROSS THE BEACH AT IWO JIMA!

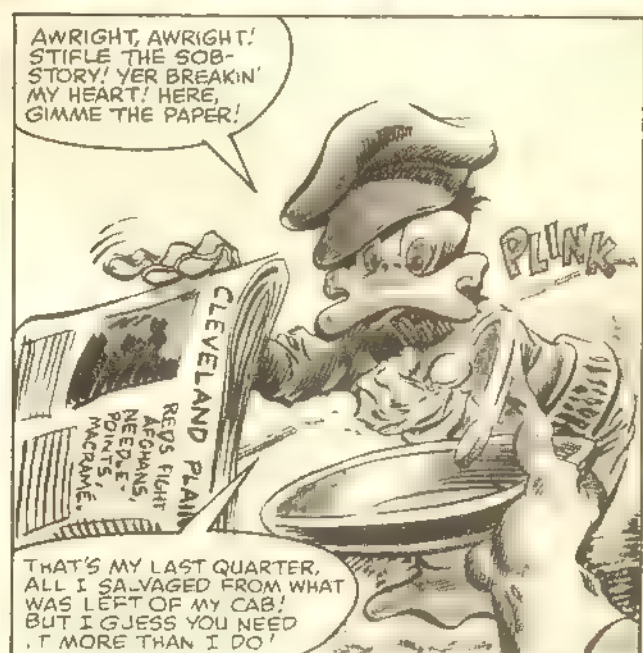
IN WAVES THEY CAME-- AND NOTHING COULD STOP 'EM!

THE BALL! GET THE BALL!

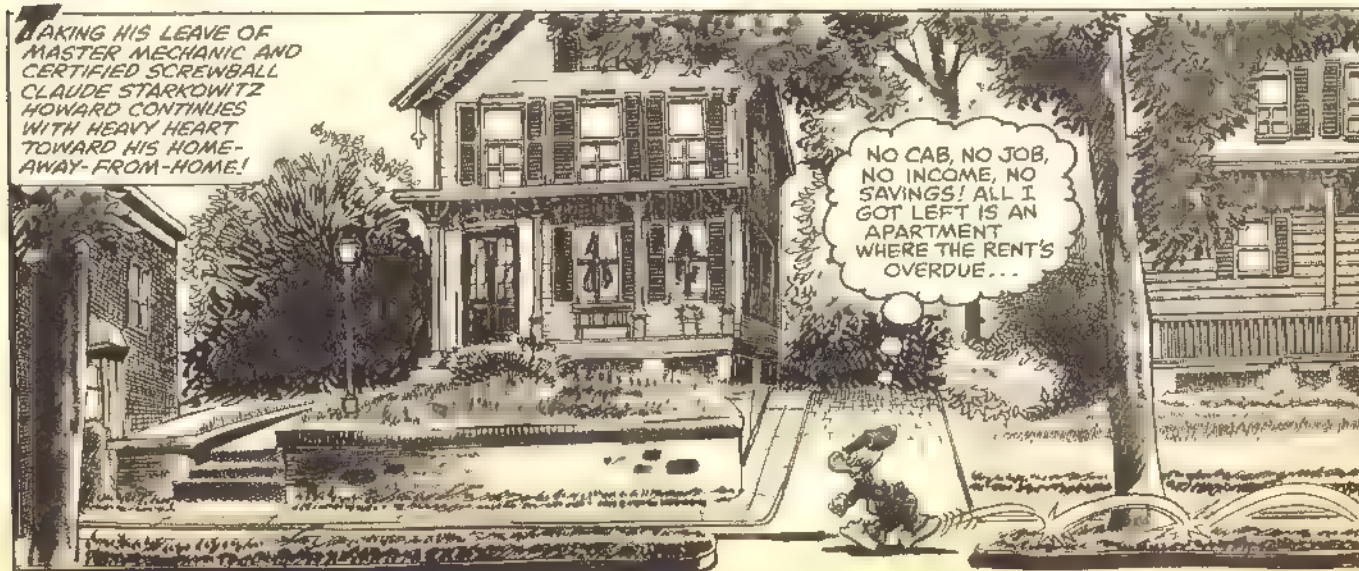
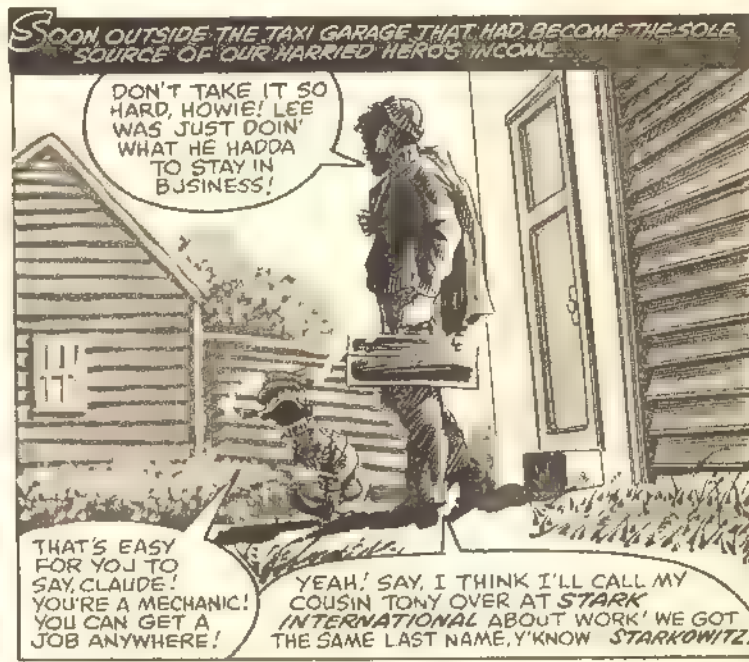
BANZAI!

HOWEVER, THE GOAL OF THIS ASSAULT IS NOT SOME PACIFIC BEACHHEAD--

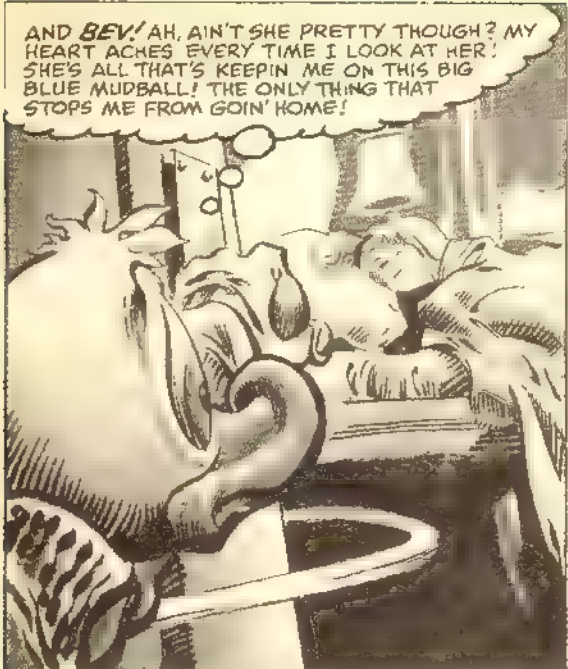




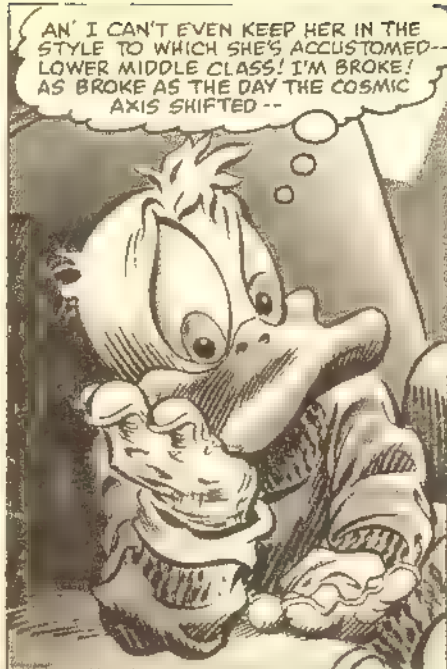
UNTIL, A SHORT TIME LATER, WHEN OUR DESPONDENT DUCK WENDS HIS WAY BACK TO THE...



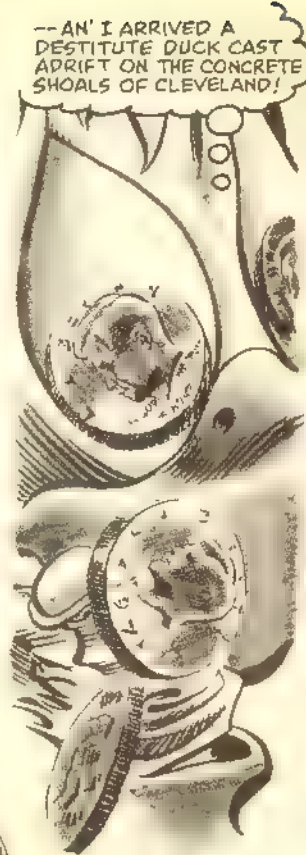
AND BEV! AH, AIN'T SHE PRETTY THOUGH? MY HEART ACHES EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HER! SHE'S ALL THAT'S KEEPIN' ME ON THIS BIG BLUE MUDBALL! THE ONLY THING THAT STOPS ME FROM GOIN' HOME!



AN' I CAN'T EVEN KEEP HER IN THE STYLE TO WHICH SHE'S ACCUSTOMED-- LOWER MIDDLE CLASS! I'M BROKE! AS BROKE AS THE DAY THE COSMIC AXIS SHIFTED--



--AN' I ARRIVED A DESTITUTE DUCK CAST ADRIPT ON THE CONCRETE SHOALS OF CLEVELAND!



HOWARD REMEMBERS. EARTH WAS COLD AND CRUEL TO THIS FOREIGN FOWL! SALVATION WAS FOUND ON SIDEWALKS! THEN, IN A METEORIC RISE, HE WAS NOMINATED AS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OF THE ALL-NIGHT PARTY-- NO SALARY, BUT AT LEAST IT PAID ROOM-AND-BOARD FOR HE AND BEV!



BUT THEN CAME SCANDAL, AND THE FALL! HOWARD WASHED DISHES IN NEW YORK, AND DROVE A CAB IN CLEVELAND! THERE WAS NO DRAMA IN IT FOR OUR DASHING DUCK-- BUT IT WAS GOOD, HONEST WORK, AND HE WAS AMONG FRIENDS!





A DOWWAW FOW YOW
THOUGHTS. MY FINE
FEATHEWED FWIEND!

HUH?
USUALLY
IT'S A
PENNY,
WINDA!

WE WIVE IN
INFWATIONAWY TIMES HOWAWD.
NOW WHAT'S WONG?



I WAS JUST
GETTING UP
DOWNSTAIWS
WHEN I HEAWD
YOU COME IN!
YOU SOUNDED
TWOUBWED!

I AM BROKE, DE-
PRESSED, JOBLESS
AN' I'M A DUCK--

--TRAPPED
IN A WORLD
I NEVER MADE!

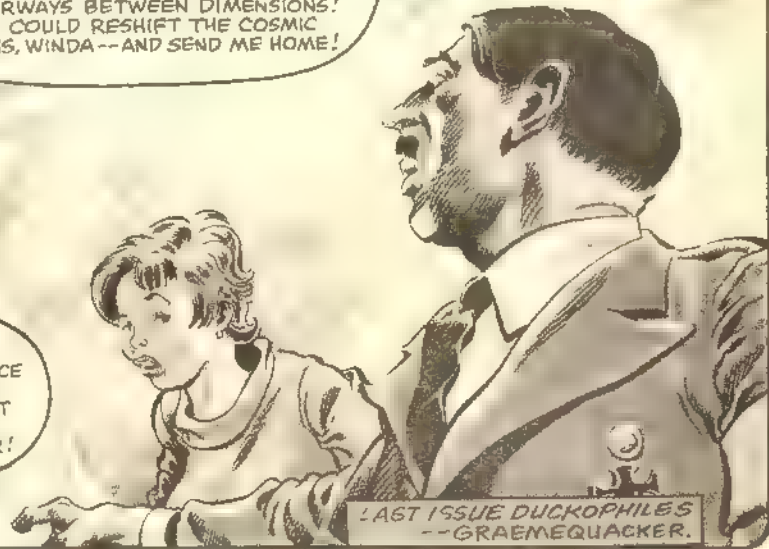


SO WHAT'S THE BIG DEAW? YOU'VE
TIWED OF WIVING HEWE ON EAWTH.
I'WW SEND YOU WIGHT HOME TO
DUCKNOWWD!

YEAH, YOU CAN
DO THAT, CAN'T
YOU, WINDA?

THOSE PSIONIC POWERS THAT
LED PEOPLE TO THINK YOU WERE
POSSESSED BY DEMONS ARE REALLY
JUST THE KEY TO OPENING THE
DOORWAYS BETWEEN DIMENSIONS!
YOU COULD RESHIFT THE COSMIC
AXIS, WINDA--AND SEND ME HOME!

AH, BUT I
BEEN THINK'N'
ABOUT THAT SINCE
YOU USED YOUR
POWERS AGAINST
THAT PHONY
ADOLPH HITLER!



LAST ISSUE DUCKOPHILES
--GRAEMEQUACKER.



BUT IF I GO HOME I LOSE
BEV! SHE'S THE BEST THING
THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME!
I CAN'T QUIT ON HER!

WEWW, IF YOU'VE DETERMINED
TO STAY, YOU'WW NEED
ANOTHEW JOB!



HOW ABOUT
THIS ONE?

CHILD COMPANION
WANTED FOR
TYPICAL AMERICAN
FAMILY

REFERENCES NOT
NECESSARY WE
BELIEVE CHARACTER
SHOWS IN ONE'S FACE
APPLY TO: 1529 PATRIOTIC
PLACE, SHAKER HEIGHTS

A BABY
SITTER? WELL,
WHY NOT??

THERE IT IS, 1529 PATRIOTIC PLACE! WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF CLEVELAND'S TOPOGRAPHY I GOT DRIVIN' A HACK, GETTIN' HERE WAS A CINCH!

TELL THAT TO MY FEET! THEY AIN'T USED TO WALKIN'!

HMM, QUANT LITTLE COTTAGE! THEY PROBABLY RENT OUT THE GARAGE AS A HOUSING PROJECT!

I WUZ EXPECTIN' SOMETHING, I DUNNO, MORE IN MY TAX BRACKET, BEIN' AROUND MONEY WHEN I'M BROKE ALWAYS GIVES ME THE HIVES.

BUT I AIN'T BACKIN' OUT NOW, NOT AFTER PROMISIN' BEV I'D FIND ANOTHER JOB.

YES?

YOU THE LADY OF THE HOUSE? I'M HERE ABOUT THE AD YOU PUT IN THE PLAIN-DEALER.

OH, OF COURSE. DO COME IN, WON'T YOU, MISTER-- AH?

DUCK, MA'AM. HOWARD, THE

FOLLOW ME, MISTER DUCK. I'M AFRAID I HAVE ANOTHER BRIDGE GAME TO RUSH OFF TO--

--BUT I'LL EXPLAIN YOUR DUTIES BEFORE I GO.

Y-YA MEAN, I'M HIRED?? JUST LIKE THAT?!

YOUR FACE SHOWS DEFINITE CHARACTER, MR. DUCK-- AND CHARACTER IS WHAT MY HUSBAND ADVERTISED FOR.

B-BUT, AIN'T YA GONNA SAY 'B-BUT Y-YOU'RE A DUCK'!???



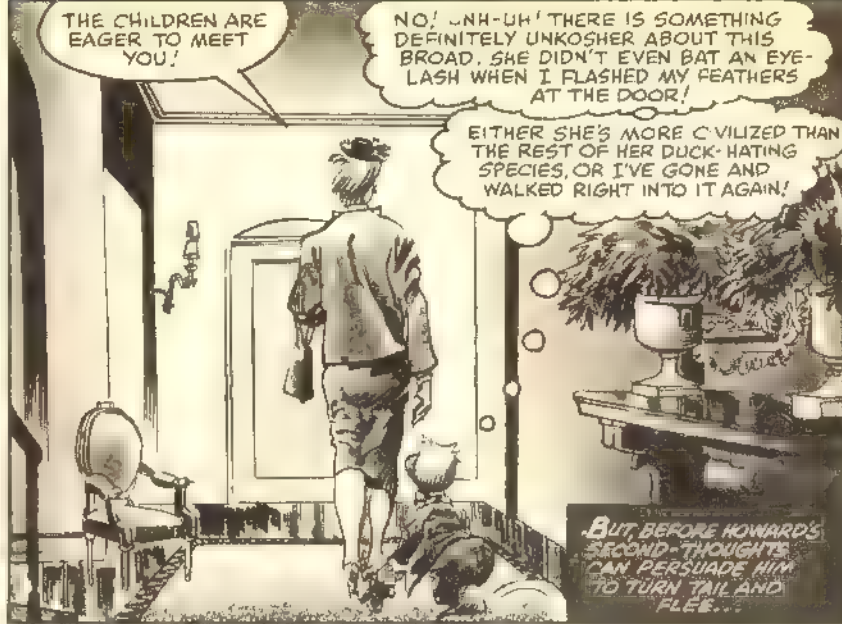
THAT'S SOMEWHAT SELF-EVIDENT, ISN'T IT? NOW, PLEASE, IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME...

THE CHILDREN ARE EAGER TO MEET YOU!

NO! UNH-UH! THERE IS SOMETHING DEFINITELY UNKOSHER ABOUT THIS BROAD. SHE DIDN'T EVEN BAT AN EYELASH WHEN I FLASHED MY FEATHERS AT THE DOOR!

EITHER SHE'S MORE CIVILIZED THAN THE REST OF HER DUCK-HATING SPECIES, OR I'VE GONE AND WALKED RIGHT INTO IT AGAIN!

BUT, BEFORE HOWARD'S SECOND-THOUGHTS CAN PERSUADE HIM TO TURN TAIL AND FLEE...



HE IS WALKED INTO THE CHILDREN'S ROOM!


BROTHER BILLY! SISTER SISSY! LITTLE JUNIOR! COME MEET YOUR NEW SITTER!

HI.

KINDA SHORT, ISN'T HE? WHAT'S YOUR NAME? MR MIDGET?

ER, NO IT'S HOWARD. THE DUCK.

GOO.



YOU'LL FIND WE'RE JUST THE AVERAGE AMERICAN FAMILY, MR. DUCK-- 2.5 CHILDREN, ETC.

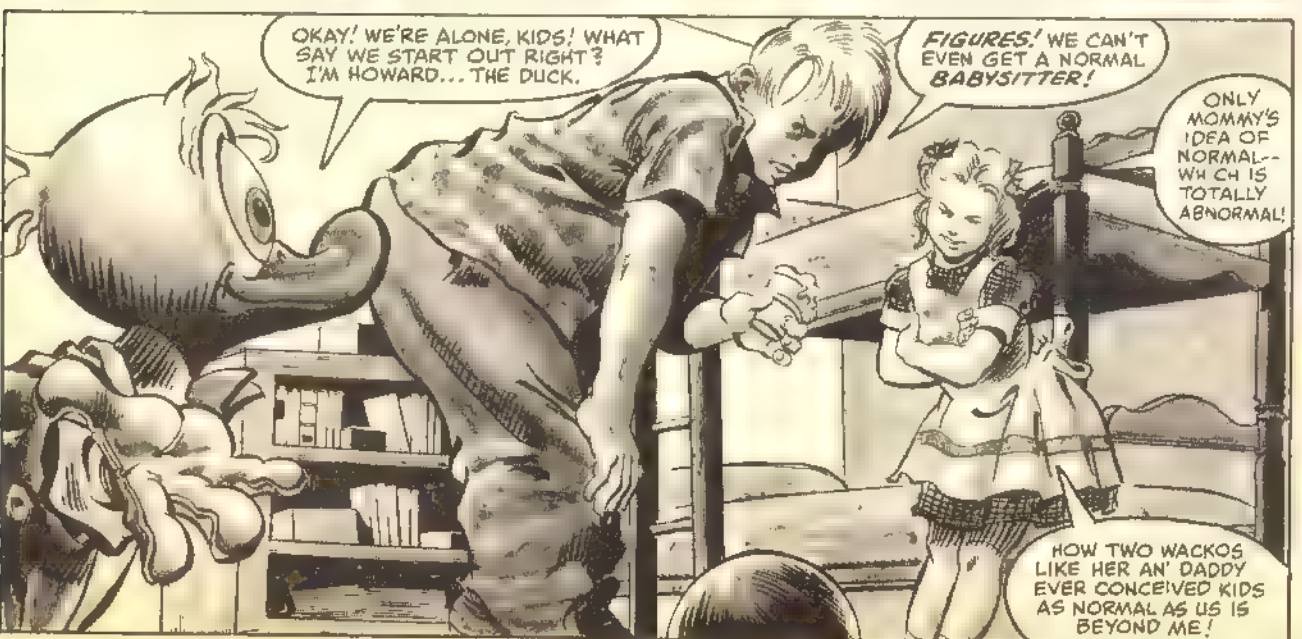
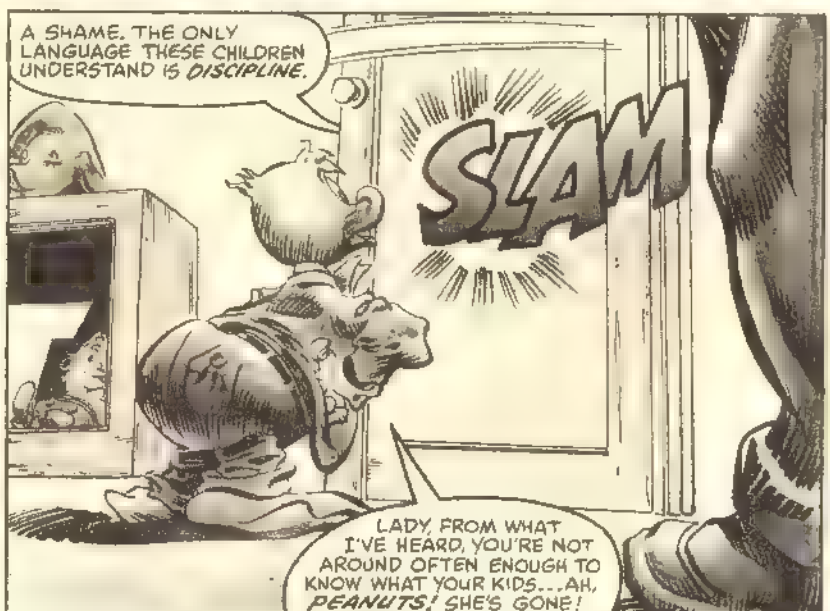
JUNIOR'S THE .5, MISTER DUCK.



THAT'S 'CAUSE HE'S ONLY HALF THERE! HE JUST SITS AROUND ALL DAY CUTTIN' OUT PAPER DOLLS WITH HIS 'LECTRIC SCISSORS. REAL WEIRD, HUH? I MEAN-- HE'S FIFTEEN, AFTER ALL!

UHP.







YEAH, BUT THEY'RE BREAKIN' US DOWN FAST! KEEPIN' US COOPED UP IN THIS VACUUM OF A HOUSE AWAY FROM OUTSIDE IDEAS!

LOOK, THEY AIN'T HERE NOW! FORGET 'EM! LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!



FUN? HOW?? WE AIN'T EVEN GOT ANY DECENT MUSIC IN THIS DUMP-- NO KISS, NO DEVO, NO TALKING HEADS... NUTHIN' BUT THIS SICK 50s SLOSH THAT DADDY AND MOMMY LISTEN TO!

WELCOME TO GUINNESS, K.D.-- YOU BROKE A RECORD!

I DON'T CARE! I'M SICK OF SINATRA, OF RICK NELSON, OF THE INK SPOTS!



DADDY AND MOMMY THINK HISTORY STOPPED IN 1959! JUNIOR WAS THE OLDEST THEN-- HE COULDN'T STAND IT, SO HE REGRESSED!

GOO.



GOO-GOO!



MY JACKET!!

CAREFUL, MR. DUCK! DON'T ANTAGONIZE HIM!



IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO SET JUNIOR OFF ON ONE OF HIS SNIPPING SPREES!

GOO!

K-K-K-KILL, DUCK!

WAAK!

OH, WHAT FUN! SEE HOWARD!
SEE HOWARD RUN! SEE HOWARD
TRIP AND BREAK HIS BEAK!

YOU SEE WHAT
PARENTAL TYRANNY
HAS DONE TO US, MISTER
DUCK? IN THE FACE OF
ADULT AUTHORITARIANISM
WE'VE REBELLED...AND
BECOME JUVENILE
DELINQUENTS!

WAAUGHHH

DON'T HOG HOWARD FOR YOURSELF,
SISTER SISSY! GIVE ME AND LITTLE
JUNIOR A SHOT AT HIM!

K-K-K-KILL
DUCK!
K-K-K-KILL
D-D-D-DUCK
DEAD!

BRZZ

YER MIXIN' YER SUBSPECIES,
KID! BESIDES, I WAS
JUST GOIN'!

NOT UNTIL JUNIOR GETS DONE WITH
YOU, MISTER DUCK! CLIP HIS PIN-
FEATHERS, JUNIOR! AMERICANIZE
THE DUCK!

NO! DON'T!
I'M AN
IMMIGRANT!

OOOH!
DUCK FALL
ON PRETTY
BLOCKS!

COOL
IT
KID

THE COLORED ALPHABET
BLOCKS HAVE CAUGHT THE
KID'S EYE! MAYBE IF I
REARRANGE THE LETTERS.

WHADDA YA KNOW--
IT WORKED! THE
BLOCKS NOT ONLY
TURN THE KID ON,
THEY ALSO TURN
HIM OFF! THE
MEDIUM IS
THE MESSAGE!

GOO.

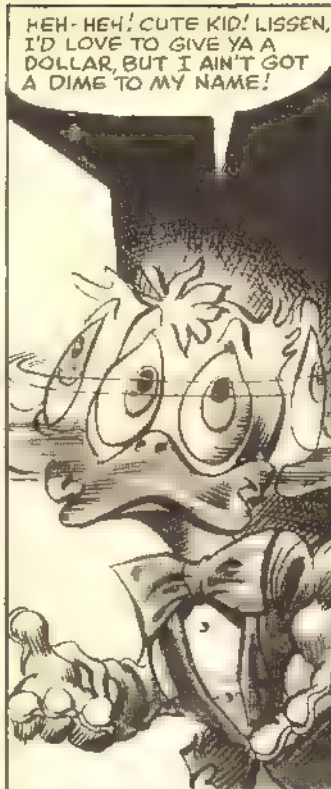
ATTABOY,
JUNIOR!
BACK TO
CRACKER-
LAND!

SCRATCH ONE
DINNER JACKET, THOUGH!
I COULDN'T GIVE THIS
ONE TO THE MOTHS!

BUT, NO SOONER HAS OUR FRANTIC FOWL BEGUN TO SCRAPE THE PIECES OF HIMSELF OFF THE FLOOR, THAN...



GIMME A BUCK, DUCK!



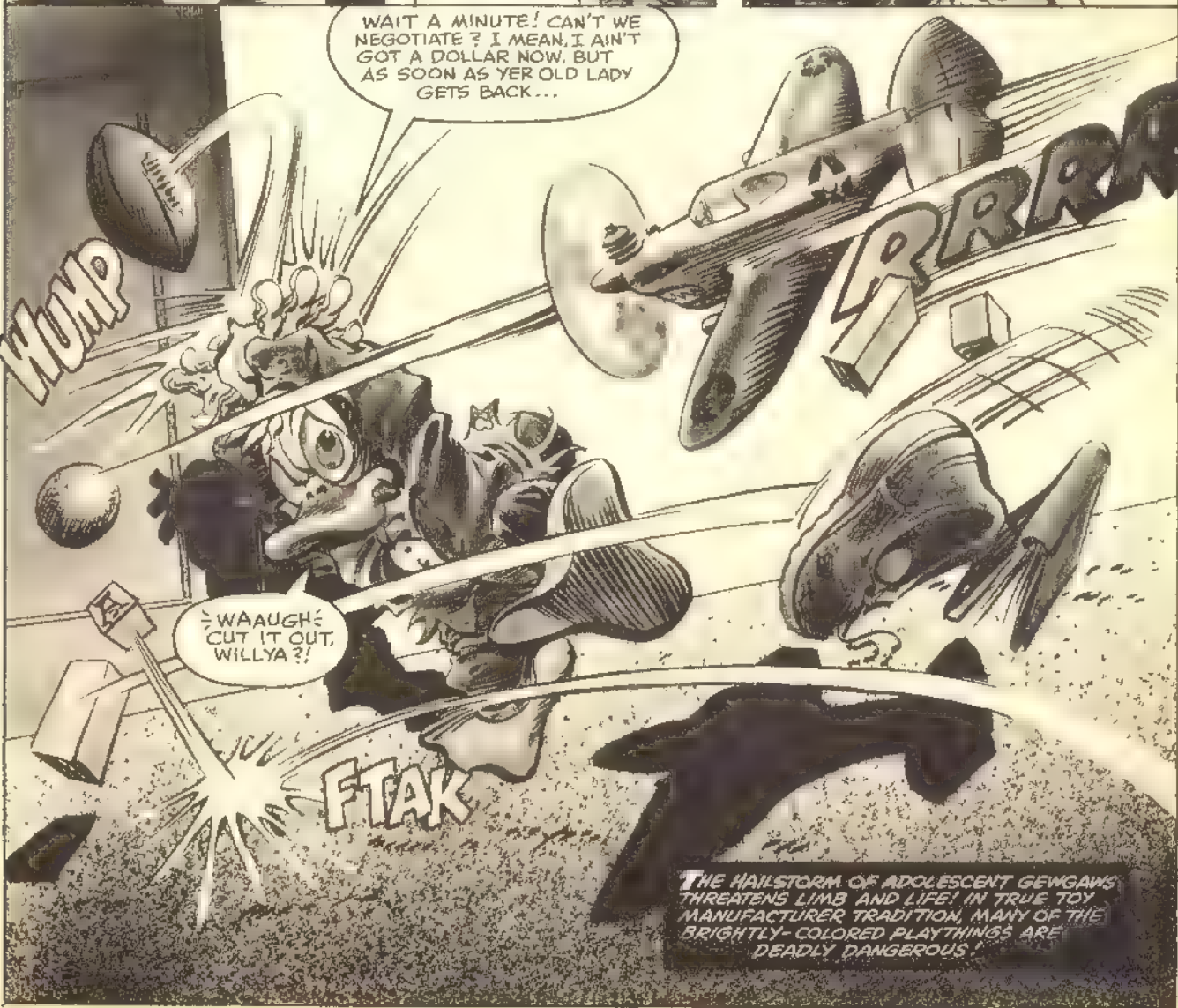
HEH-HEH! CUTE KID! LISSSEN, I'D LOVE TO GIVE YA A DOLLAR, BUT I AIN'T GOT A DIME TO MY NAME!



GIVE SISSY A BUCK! GIVE SISSY A BUCK! GIVE SISSY A BUCK!

YOU'D BETTER, MR. DUCK--OR, WHEN DADDY GETS HOME, I'LL TELL HIM YOU PROPOSITIONED ME!

ULP!



WAIT A MINUTE! CAN'T WE NEGOTIATE? I MEAN, I AIN'T GOT A DOLLAR NOW, BUT AS SOON AS YER OLD LADY GETS BACK...

WAAUGH! CUT IT OUT, WILL YA?!

THE HAILSTORM OF ADOLESCENT GEWGAW'S THREATENS LIMB AND LIFE! IN TRUE TOY MANUFACTURER TRADITION, MANY OF THE BRIGHTLY-COLORED PLAYTHINGS ARE DEADLY DANGEROUS!

BATTERED AND
BRUISED,
HOWARD HAS
HAD ENOUGH!

GOO!

COME BACK,
MR. DUCK! DADDY
SAYS A TRUE
AMERICAN NEVER
RUNS FROM
PERSECUTION!

SEE
HOWARD! SEE
HOWARD RUN!

THAT'S HIS VALUE-
SYSTEM, SISTER! MY
WIFE'S BEEN DEDICATED
TO THE PROPOSITION THAT
FLIGHT IS THE BETTER
PART OF VALOR!

BUT HOWARD'S HASTY RETREAT
TAKES HIM ONLY AS FAR AS THE
FOYER.

THUD

WAAUGH! OBSTRUCTION.
AT LEAST SIX-ONE
GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS.
IT CAN ONLY BE--

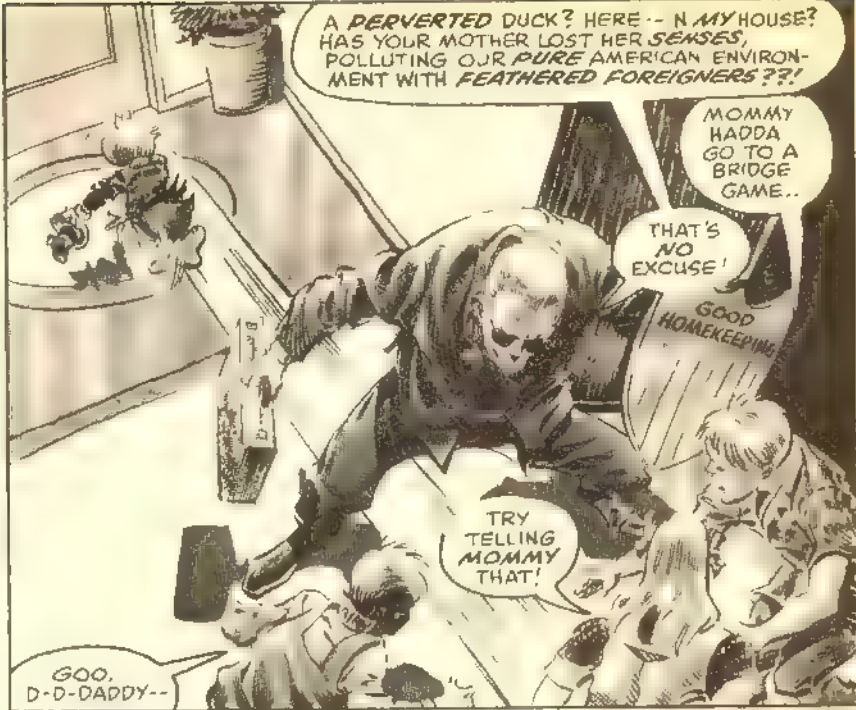
DAD!!

GOOD EVENING,
CHILDREN! HAVE
YOU ALL BEEN
GOOD LITTLE
AMERICANS
WHILE DADDY
WAS AT WORK?

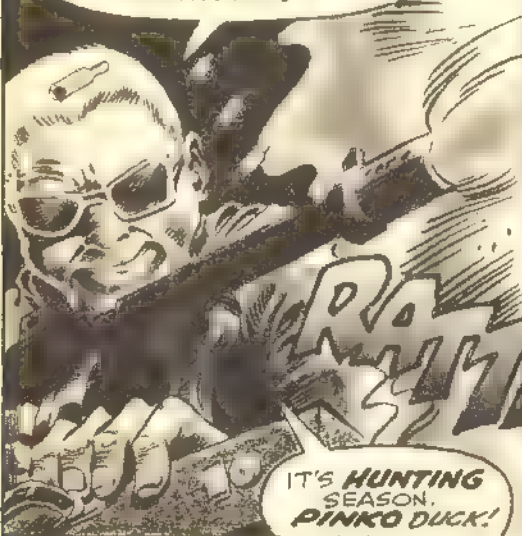
YIPPEE! DADDY'S
HOME! HE'LL SAVE US
FROM THE DUCK-
CREATURE!

DUCK?
WHAT DUCK?

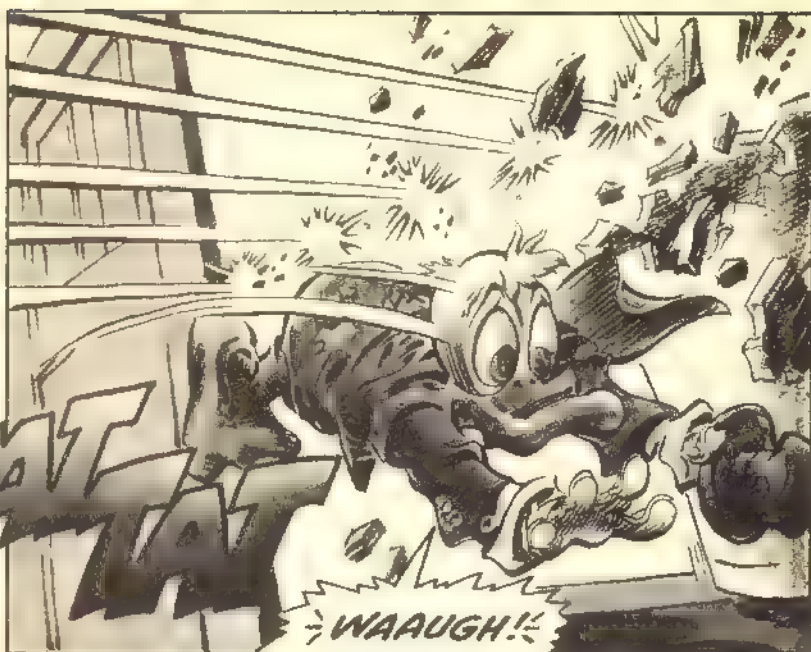
I DON'T
SEE ANY
DUCKS!



AND, SHOULD *THAT* EMBLEM OF EXCELLENCE PROVE INSUFFICIENT, YOU'LL FIND ME A BELIEVER IN THE RIGHT OF EVERY AMERICAN TO BEAR *ARMS!*

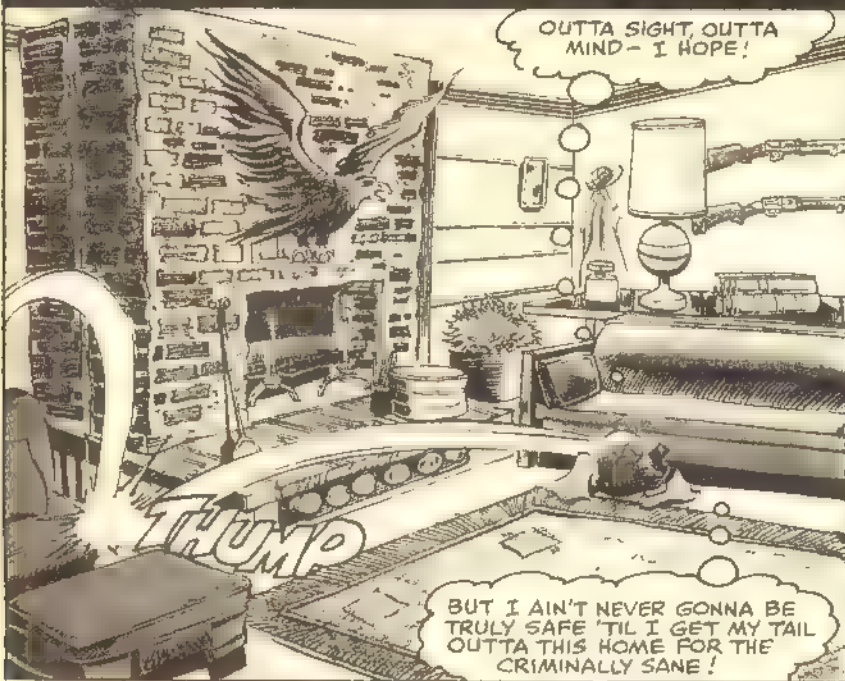


IT'S *HUNTING* SEASON. *PINKO DUCK!*



WAAUGH!!

FLEEING THROUGH THE AVERAGE AMERICAN HOUSEHOLD AS FAST AS HIS WEBBED FEET CAN CARRY HIM, HOWARD STREAKS INTO WHAT CAN ONLY BE JUDGED BY ITS DECOR, DADDY'S DEN!

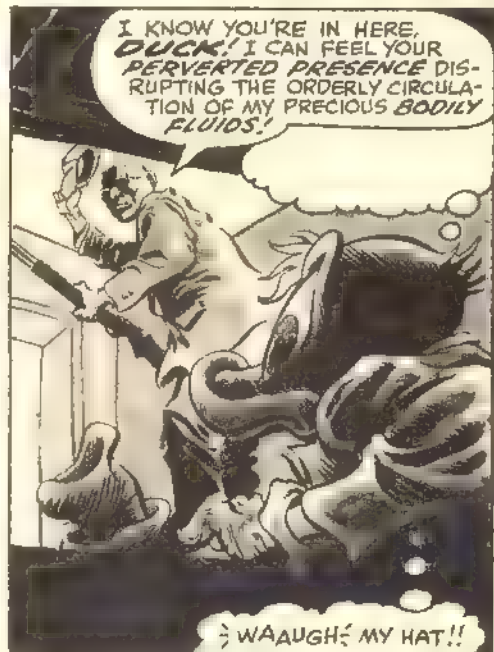


OUTTA SIGHT, OUTTA MIND - I HOPE!

THUMP

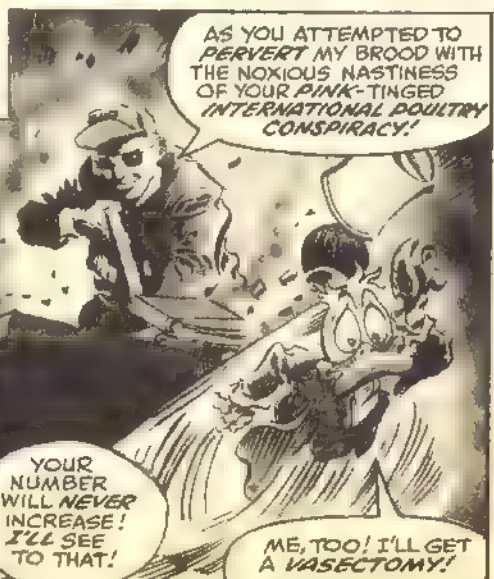
BUT I AIN'T NEVER GONNA BE TRULY SAFE 'TIL I GET MY TAIL OUTTA THIS HOME FOR THE CRIMINALLY SANE!

I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE, *DUCK!* I CAN FEEL YOUR *PERVERTED PRESENCE* DISRUPTING THE ORDERLY CIRCULATION OF MY PRECIOUS *BODILY FLUIDS!*



WAAUGH! MY HAT!!

AS YOU ATTEMPTED TO *PERVERT* MY BROOD WITH THE NOXIOUS NASTINESS OF YOUR *PINK-TINGED INTERNATIONAL POULTRY CONSPIRACY!*



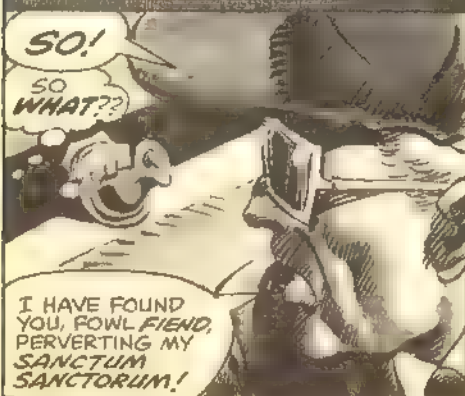
BLAM!

BUT, IF YOUR MISSION HERE WAS TO SHAME TRUE-BLOODED, MEAT-EATING AMERICAN YOUTH INTO NEVER CONSUMING YOUR KIND, YOU'VE *FAILED!*

YOUR NUMBER WILL NEVER INCREASE! I'LL SEE TO THAT!

ME, TOO! I'LL GET A *VASECTOMY!*

HIS POWERY PARTS IN HIS THROAT, HOWARD TREMBLINGLY TRIES TO FETCH HIS FEDORA!



SO!

SO WHAT??

I HAVE FOUND YOU, FOWL FIEND, PERVERTING MY *SANCTUM SANCTORUM!*

IN FACT, I'LL DO MOST ANYTHING IF YOU'LL JUST OPEN THIS DOOR--



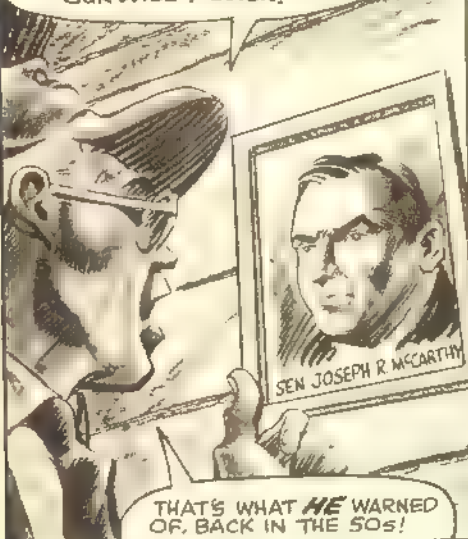
-- AND LET ME RETURN TO THE REAL WORLD!

SORRY, PARDNER! IT'S THE END OF THE TRAIL! TRUE GRIT CONQUERS ALL!



I CAN TELL-- IT'S WIPED YOUR MIND RIGHT OFF THE MAP! LOOK, CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER MAN TO DUCK?

TALK?! TALK IS THE WEAPON BY WHICH YOUR KIND HOPES TO CONFUSE US, ENGAGING US IN ENDLESS DEBATE WHILE YOU SAP OUR WILL-POWER!



SEN JOSEPH R. MCCARTHY

THAT'S WHAT *HE* WARNED OF, BACK IN THE 50s!

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF SENATOR JOSEPH MCCARTHY, DUCK?

ER-- WASN'T HE THE ONE WHO QUIT THE BEATLES TO FORM WINGS?

BLASPHEMER!



YEAH, AIN'T WE ALL!

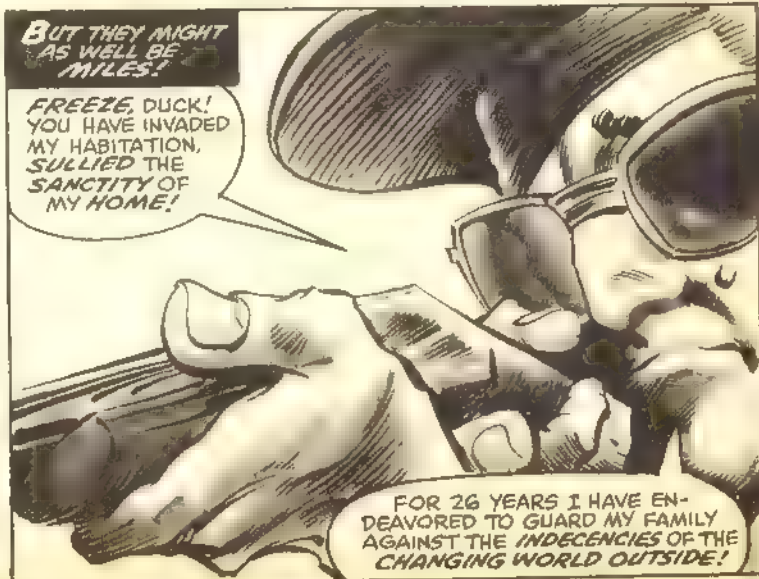
GOTTA KEEP WHAT PASSES FOR HIS MIND OFFA ME WHILE I EDGE CLOSER TO THE WINDOW!

JUST A FEW MORE INCHES...



BUT THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE MILES!

FREEZE, DUCK! YOU HAVE INVADDED MY HABITATION, SULLIED THE SANCTITY OF MY HOME!



FOR 26 YEARS I HAVE EN-DEAVORED TO GUARD MY FAMILY AGAINST THE INDECENCIES OF THE CHANGING WORLD OUTSIDE!

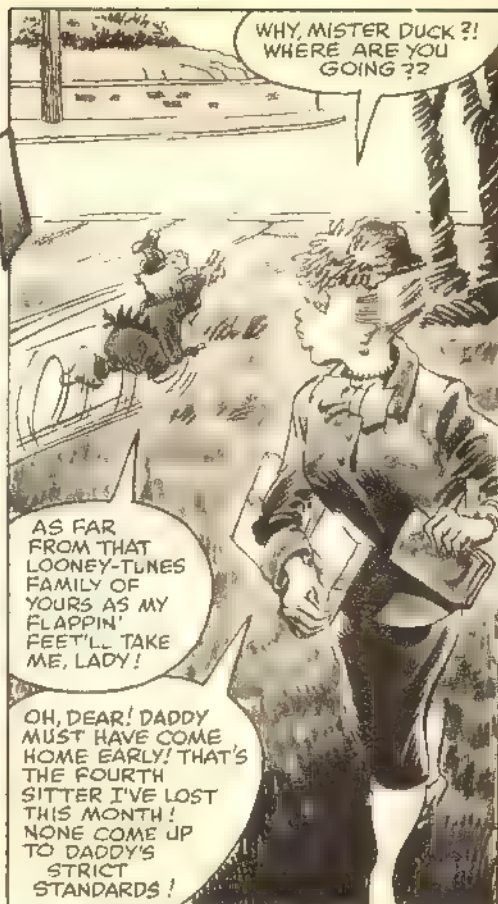
NOW YOU HAVE COME, A SYMBOL OF THE SICKNESS WITHOUT THAT ALLOWS **ANY** CREATURE REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED OR SPECIES, TO SHARE IN THE **AMERICAN DREAM!**

BUSTER, YOUR DREAM IS MY NIGHTMARE--

--AN' I JUST WANNA LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO WAKE UP!



WAAUGHH



WHY, MISTER DUCK?! WHERE ARE YOU GOING??

AS FAR FROM THAT LOONEY-TUNES FAMILY OF YOURS AS MY FLAPPIN' FEET'LL TAKE ME, LADY!

OH, DEAR! DADDY MUST HAVE COME HOME EARLY! THAT'S THE FOURTH SITTER I'VE LOST THIS MONTH! NONE COME UP TO DADDY'S STRICT STANDARDS!



WELCOME HOME, MOMMY! LOOK-- I'VE SAVED OUR CHILDREN FROM THIS FOUL FOWL! SHALL WE HAVE IT FOR DINNER?

WE COULD, DADDY-- IF YOU DON'T MIND SPLINTERS IN YOUR DUCK SOUP! YOU SHOT YOUR DECOY-- THE REAL MR. DUCK GOT AWAY!

TEE-HEE! DADDY SHOT HIS DECOY! DADDY SHOT HIS DECOY!

DADDY'S A... GOO-BER!

SIGH! PHONE THE ALUMINUM SIDING PEOPLE TO COME FIX THE WALL, DADDY-- BEFORE ANY MORE FOREIGNERS COME CALLING!



MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY AND MOVING FAST.

BEV OR NO BEV, THAT DOES IT!

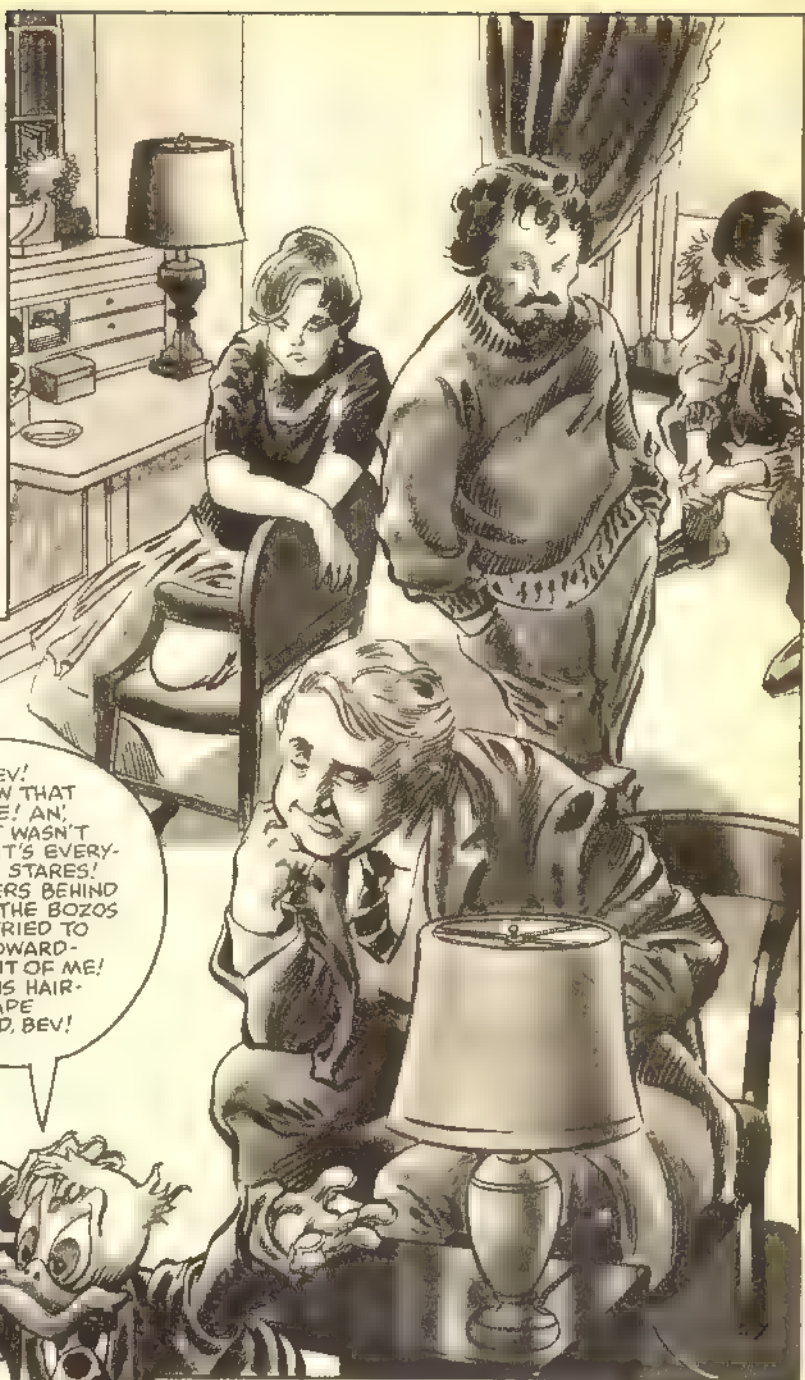
THIS WORLD'A HAIRLESS APES AIN'T SAFE FOR **ANY** DUCK--WITH OR WITHOUT A BRAIN!

I WANNA GO BACK TO WHERE I ONCE BELONGED! HOME...TO **DUCKWORLD!**



THUS, SOON, BACK AT BAY VILLAGE...

SO THAT'S IT, DUCKY!
ONE LOUSY JOB
EXPERIENCE AND
YOU'RE READY TO
PACK UP AND
GO HOME?

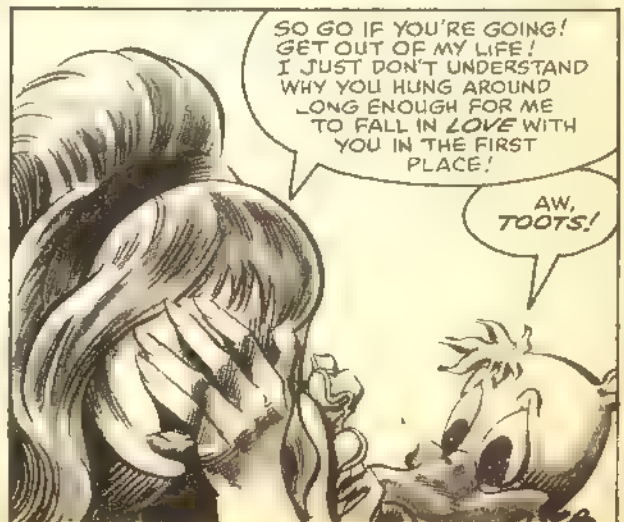


TO LEAVE ME, AFTER
ALL WE'VE GONE THROUGH
TOGETHER, AFTER ALL
WE'VE COME TO MEAN
TO EACH OTHER!?

AW, BEV!
YOU KNOW THAT
AIN'T TRUE! AN,
BESIDES, IT WASN'T
THE JOB-- IT'S EVERY-
THING! THE STARES!
THE SNICKERS BEHIND
MY BACK! THE BOZOS
WHO'VE TRIED TO
MAKE HOWARD-
HASH OUT OF ME!
IT'S THIS HAIR-
LESS APE
WORLD, BEV!



IT'S DRIVIN'
ME NUTS! I-I
JUST CAN'T
TAKE IT ANY
LONGER!



SO GO IF YOU'RE GOING!
GET OUT OF MY LIFE!
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU HUNG AROUND
LONG ENOUGH FOR ME
TO FALL IN LOVE WITH
YOU IN THE FIRST
PLACE!

AW,
TOOTS!

GIMME
A BREAK!

IT'S A
QUESTION A' SELF-
DETERMINATION, BEV!
EVERYBODY-- WELL,
MAYBE JUST WHITE
ANGLO-SAXON PROTESTANTS--
HAS THE RIGHT TO DECIDE
WHAT IT IS THEY WANT
TO *DO* WITH THEIR
LIVES!

BUT NOT ME,
HONEY! I GET
SCOOPED OFF A'
DUCKWORLD IN THE
MIDDLE OF MINDIN'
MY OWN BUSINESS
BY A SUDDEN SHIFT
IN THE COSMIC
AXIS--

--AN' DROPPED IN
A STINKIN' SWAMP
THAT JUST SO
HAPPENED TO BE
THE *NEXUS POINT*
OF ALL REALITIES...
THE FLORIDA
EVERGLADES!

AN' AS IF
THAT WASN'T
BAD ENOUGH, MY
ARRIVAL HAPPENS TO
COINCIDE WITH A WAR-
IN-PROGRESS BEIN'
WAGED ACROSS THE
DIMENSIONS BY *THOG*,
THE NETHER-SPAWN,
RULER OF SOMINUS,
AND GRAND DRAGON
OF THE CONGRESS
OF REALITIES!

ME, A CERTIFIED CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR, FIGHTIN' SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE MACABRE MUCK
MONSTER KNOWN AS THE *MAN-THING*, THE BALMY BARBARIAN *KORREK*, THE CURVACEOUS
SORCERESS *JENNIFER KALE*, AND THAT MUDDLED MYSTIC *DAKIM*, AGAINST *THOG*'S DEMON-HORDE.

AN' IT'S BEEN ALL
DOWNHILL SINCE,
TOOTS!

THANKS
A LOT,
DUCKY!

I MEANT, EXCLUDIN'
MEETIN' YOU IN THAT CREDIT
CARD TOWER CONSTRUCTED IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE CUYAHOGA
RIVER BY PRO RATA, THE MAD
FINANCIAL WIZARD!

BEV, YOU OF *ALL* THE
HAIRLESS APES I'VE MET
SINCE ARRIVIN' HERE
SHOULD KNOW THE *HELL*
I'VE BEEN GOIN' THROUGH!
HAS SCARCELY A DAY GONE
BY WHEN I HAVEN'T BEEN
THE VICTIM OF SOME
FORM OF DISCRIMINATION
BY YOUR SPECIES JUST
BECAUSE I'M A
TALKING DUCK?

HAS THERE EVER
BEEN A TIME WHEN
YOU AN' ME COULD
EVEN GO OUT FOR
AN AFTERNOON WALK
IN THE PARK, SAY, WITH-
OUT SOME DEMENTED
DIMWIT SHOUTIN' "SHAME!"
JUST 'CAUSE YOU HAPPENED
TO FALL FOR A GUY WITH FEATHERS?

N-NO,
DUCKY!
YOU'RE
RIGHT--
THERE
HASN'T
BEEN!

I TRIED TA IGNORE IT,
BEV! TA GIVE IN! TA
COMPROMISE! "WHEN
IN ROME," ETC! I EVEN
AGREED TA WEAR
THESE RIDICULOUS
PANTS!

BUT WHAT
HAS IT GOTTEN
ME? ACCEPTANCE?
NOT ON YOUR
LIFE!

B-BUT YOU
HAD A CHANCE
TO GO HOME
ONCE BEFORE,
DUCKY-- AND
YOU TURNED
IT DOWN!

"Y'KNOW, ALL
THE TIME WE'VE
DOCTOR
STRANGE
YEAH I
COULD
GONE."

"--BUT SOME-
HOW I THOUGHT
I COULD MAKE
THINGS WORK
OUT!"

"SO, I WAS
WRONG!
SUE ME!"

OKAY, SO SURE
A LOT OF LOST
CHANCES WERE
MY FAULT!

BUT THINGS HADN'T SEEMED
SO BAD THEN, SO HOPELESS!
EVEN NOW THERE'S A LOT I'D
SWALLOW TO STAY HERE ON EARTH,
SURROUNDED BY MY FRIENDS--
WINDA, PAUL, UNCLE LEE, CLAUDE!
YA'VE ALL BECOME MORE LIKE
MY FAMILY THAN MY REAL FAMILY!

WELL, GEE, HOWARD-- THAT'S AWFUL
NICE OF YOU T'SAY BUT WE AIN'T
GROWED NO FEATHERS LIKE YOUR
DUCK-FOLKS MUST HAVE!

YEAH, THAT'S IT! FEATHERS!
I WANNA SEE ROOMFULS
OF FOWLS, PINIONED LIKE ME!
AND NOT EVEN FOREVER!

I'D BE HAPPY IF I COULD
JUST RETURN TO DUCKWORLD
FOR A LITTLE WHILE, A VISIT,
A CHANCE TO EXIST AGAIN IN
A PLACE WHERE TALKING
DUCKS ARE THE *NORM*!

DUCKY, Y-YOU MEAN, IF YOU GO,
YOU'RE PLANNING ON COMING BACK?!

WHY, SURE, BEV! I KNOW
NOW I COULDN'T EVEN
DREAM OF SPENDIN'
THE REST OF MY LIFE
WITHOUT YOU!

THEN WHY
NOT TAKE ME
WITH YOU,
HOWARD?

WITH ME?
HOME? TO
DUCKWORLD?

IT *WOULD*
GIVE YOU
A LOOK
AT THE
OTHER SIDE
OF THE COIN,
YOU'D UNDER-
STAND ME
BETTER IF
YOU KNEW
HOW IT
FEELS TA
BE A
"STRANGER
IN A
STRANGE
LAND

BUT IT'S ALL ACADEMIC UNLESS...
WINDA, CAN YOU DO IT? CAN YOU
SHIFT THE COSMIC AXIS TO SEND
BOTH OF US THROUGH--
TO DUCKWORLD?

YOU MEAN
TWO FOW
THE PWICE
OF ONE?
CEWTAINWY,
HOWARD!

AFTWW AWW, WITH GWAT POWEWS COMES GWAT WESPONSIBILITIES--
SUCH AS WEPAYING YOU AND BEVEWY FOW AWW THE WONDEWFUW
THINGS YOU'VE BOTH DONE FOW ME! AND, REAWWY, AWW I HAVE TO
DO IS CONCENTWATE MY PSIONIC MIND POWEWS TO OPEN THE
INTEWDIMENSIONAW DOOWS! AFTWW THAT, ANY NUMBEW OF
PEOPWE CAN PASS THWOUGH!

THEN DO
IT, WINDA!
HOWARD AND
BEV LOOK LIKE
THEY'RE
READY!



WE
ARE!

WE
ARE??

AWW WIGHT,
EVEWYONE
CWASP HANDS
AND SING AWONG
WITH ME: "BE
IT EVEW SO
HUMBWE..."

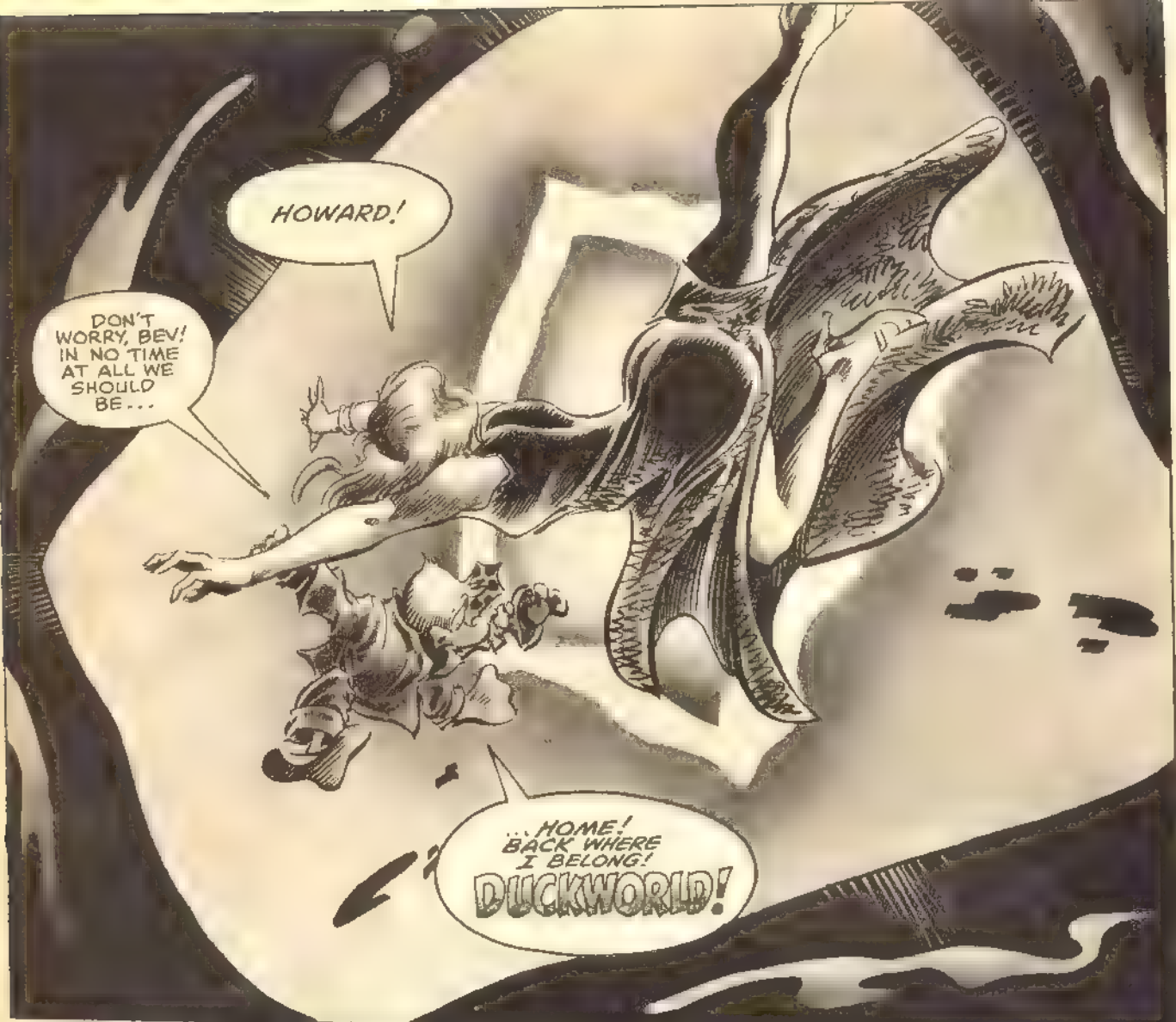


'THEWES
NOOOO
PWACE
W KE
HOME!"

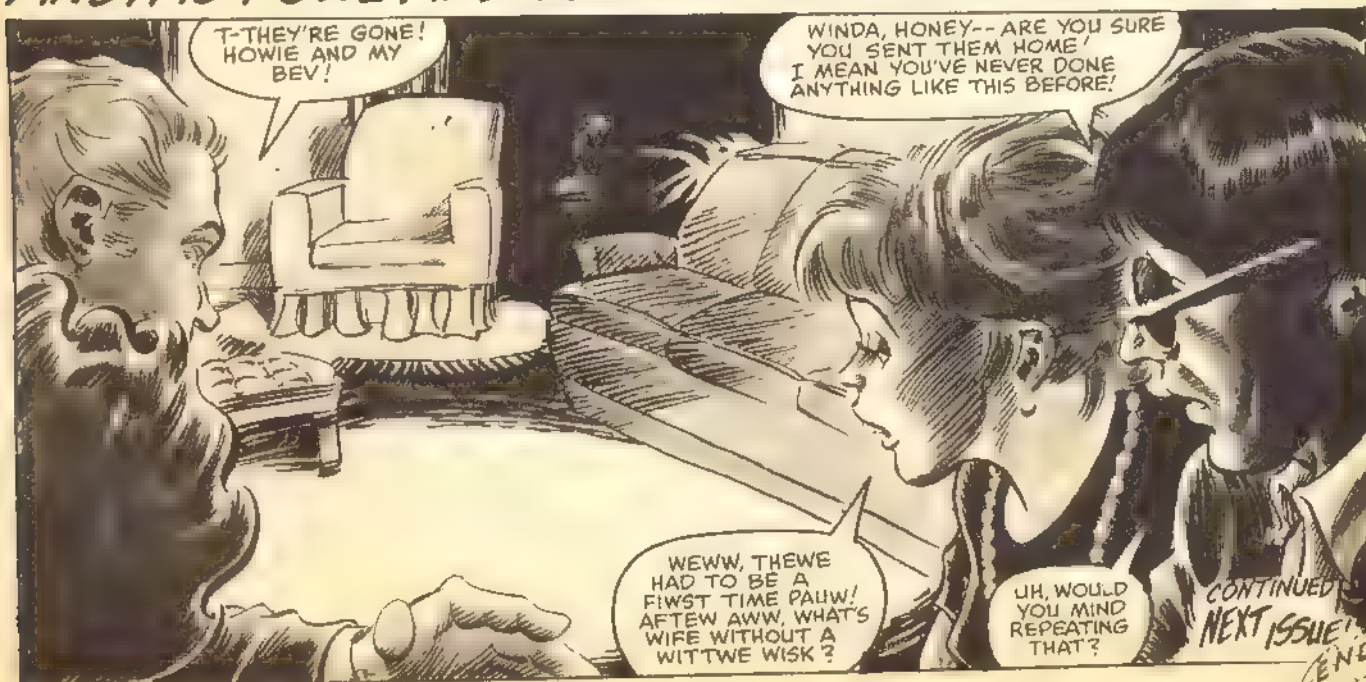


WAAUGHH

H-HOWARD!
THE ROOM'S
SHIFTING!
SPINNING!
I-I CAN'T SEE
WINDA, UNCLE
LEE, PAUL OR
CLAUDE
ANYMORE!



AND, AS FOWL AND FRIEND FADE FROM EARTHLY VIEW...



WISE QUACKS

Since our last installment of "Wise Quacks" consisted entirely of letters from Howard's home planet, Duckworld, we had to hold off two months before we could get back to your "people letters" regarding HOWARD THE DUCK #2. So here they are, weird as they are...

Bill Mantlo

Dear Duck Dabblers,

Well, I lasted the first sixty days between issues, and HOWARD THE DUCK #2 was worth every second! Howard is now the well-dressed-duck-about-town and the "Animal Indecency" tale was a clever way of satisfying the critics and panning them at the same time. If Disney is worried that much about our feathered fowl that they went so far as to threaten to sue over his undraped posterior, then they must see Howard as real competition! Me, I never got the connection between Howard and D— D—, Howard's always been a duck of a different feather as far as I was concerned.

I wonder how weird it is to be almost 30 and still enjoy reading this stuff? Make Howard a color monthly mag again.

Thomas L. Czaplinski
P.O. Box 31
Lincoln Park, MI 48146

About as weird as it is to be almost 30 and still enjoy writing HTD, Tom!

The Duck & Co.,

At page 8 I was feeling pretty let down. Bev & Howard apparently couldn't read the signs out in front of them, and besides, the whole "clothe the duck" bit had been dealt with in the Soofi escapade, and the art was ok. Well, thank you for HTD #1. This is what I liked about it:

A pink cover? The "duck with delusions of adequacy" The "warning." Marie Severin's frontispiece. Wally Sidney & Sidneyland, and Sidney/Disney all the way. Page 2. "Howard, what did you do?" The real long shot into the pet store to that scene close up. Always admiring your admirable alliteration. (Panoplied pets, here and persistently thereafter.) "Contain it (anger — page 8) an' the pressure builds up..." "Didn't contain theirs!" Smash, Trash, Mash, & Slash. "And ducks, Dennis! Don't forget ducks!" HTD's using Kuchinich's first name gave the street-quality HTD as a mag needs/has/provides. The Wally Sidney story: They will stuff ol' Wally Sidney and use his remains as lead mannequin in the first suites of Sidneyland in the latest grey-flanneled suits.

(New paragraph, for neatness.) Do you

know, I cut my hair a few weeks ago; I-it's slacks or suicide, Bill...? "I thought the idea was I hadda wear pants, Sidney?" The Suit. The idea of The Suit, and what it has meant to animation. Heavy Traffic, Watership Down, Allegro Non Troppo & Disney rereleases where Evil's always better (classier) represented than Good and never onscreen long enough. Now the dilemma: From page 16 on it'll go like this... AH-RIIII! Yeah! I want to hear about HOWARD THE DUCK! In-credible alarm clock! Nice layout! Intristig suggestive nature of duck's tailfeathers. Bev is such a *fiine* lady! THE KILLER-CLOCK STRIKES!! "—I'm amazed!" "Yeah, me too!"

Mr. Mantlo, the duck is yours. I felt as though you'd written this book for me & I truly hope everybody else responds to it that way, too. Remember back in four color, heralding 'carrying on the tradition' and blah blah blah? Representing one reader's opinion, I think this is a book you can all be really modestly grinning proud of, one which is truly carrying on 'the tradition'. Artistically, it's a wonder. Literarily, it's alliterative and wordloving. I've never been part of a RED-BOOK/LHI/COSMO family, a READER'S DIGEST, a TV GUIDE family family magazine family. HTD #2 is my kinda magazine, coactable material, relax with the wifekids & HOWARD THE DUCK. The Moon Rocket that Could, and Dumbo, and panic, the collapse, the works, the Smash of '79! Betcha it gets to Broadway B4 '89. Thank you again, I & all.

Matt Levin
9 Church Place
Brattleboro, MA 05301

Huh?

Dear Duck-People,

And now a little list of errors in the rendition of Bev and Howard's first battle with Pro Rata (for all you mistake lovers);

(1) Pro Rata didn't zap Howard into barbarian garb. Bev changed Howard's clothes while our fowl was out cold.

(2) The Citadel of Sai-Fuur (not Sai-Furr) is supposed to have numerals on it.

(3) Howard *shook* his last cigar out of his empty scabbard.

(4) Howard *gave* his helmet to Bev.

(5) Spidey showed up *after* the Bahnd-Bird was summoned.

(6) Bev and Howie were picked up by the helicopter when it returned. Not by a fireboat.

There were other minute errors in dialogue and art, but at least those were expected.

Well? Do I get a No-Prize or do I get a No-Prize?

Joseph D. Cabrera
1402 14th Street
North Bergen, NJ 07047

No. (Aw, c'mon, give the kid his No-Prize!) No, he didn't say whether he *liked* HTD #2 or not. (Well, maybe he will if you send him his No-Prize.) You think so? All right, then... I will!

Gents and Gals,

The Duck is dead! I hold in my hands the last issue of HOWARD THE DUCK! No baloney, Mahoney! I mean, Holy Unculture, Bird-man! Since HTD #31 no trace of HOWARD THE DUCK has appeared in the magnificent burg of Laredo, gateway to Mexico. Granted, we have enough real-life oddities here that Howard might just fit right in if he waddled out of a Lincoln or VW, but HTD was the first *comical* comic book I'd seen since Bill Elder ceased working for a certain grinning-idiot mag. So here's what it's all about, Alfie: Rush me a subscription form A.S.A.P. (As Soon As Possible!) before I gnaw my leash and come after you.

R. Zander
2720 Sanchez
Laredo, TX 78040



Bill Mantlo

Dear Group:

Is there maybe a No-Prize in pointing out that the waiting room, and for that matter the whole terminal area, is underground in Cleveland? No windows. No circular information booth. In fact, most of the waiting room is presently — or at least the last time I was there, which was admittedly five years back — filled with indoor tennis courts.

Also, while the official name may have been "Union Terminal," no one has called it that outside the guide books they sell up on the observation floor. It's just the Terminal Tower to us natives. Even to us ex-natives.

Nor is the terminal particularly abandoned. There are stores, a couple of restaurants, newsstands, the Penn Central offices, and the entrances to both the Shaker and CTS Rapid Transit train terminals on the terminal level. The only thing they don't have any more is regular passenger train service, though as far as I know they may still have the ticket office there.

Maybe what you should do, guys, is try to talk your illustrious publisher into springing

for a trip to Cleveland? It really doesn't look that much like the Bronx, after all. Most of the older apartment buildings, for instance, have porches in front, and are set back a few feet from the sidewalk. Yep, lawns. Tiny, but lawns.

On the other hand, I like the plot developments since you've gone to black & white. The pants are maybe a little tacky, and, personally, I suspect the mayor — who will probably read this if you print it, since he collects comics — would be in favor of them. I've always suspected he gets his political inspirations from a gypsy fortune teller. (Admittedly better than his predecessor, who used to conduct surveys by having the garbage collectors pass out forms, which were about as accurate and objective as the ones Harris does on gun control — which, if you've ever seen one, can only be answered one way no matter which choice you pick!)

Are ducks equipped to do that sort of thing? I mean, with *humans*? Gad, Marvel breaks new ground again! Bestiality in comics! What next?

(If Bev gets pregnant I think I'm going to give up reading. Nah, I won't either. It'd be too irresistible to see what sort of creature results.)

Anyway, send someone to Cleveland, already! Sheesh!

J.T. McDaniel
1742 Fowler Street
Fort Myers, FL 33901

Now that Mayor Kuchinich is ex-Mayor Kuchinich, we can get together and discuss how little we both know about Cleveland.

Bill & Gene,

Now that you've put the pants on Howard, how about keeping the shirt on Bev?

Bill Davis
839 Andover Road
Lansdale, PA 19446

Aren't you being just a wee bit sexist, Bill? After all, Howard was undraped in HTD #2 in at least as many scenes as Bev, if not more! You should have heard the outraged reactions on Duckworld! You can't please every species all the time.

Dear Bill & Gene,

I was anxiously looking forward to HTD #2, perhaps too much so because I was a little disappointed with the Pro Rata rematch. The artwork was great, but it needed a better plot to back it up. Pro Rata is a challenging foe for Howard, but his henchmen — the Eggs-Men — were jokes in every sense of the word. They seemed to pose no real threat to Howard and Bev. Too much time was spent during the battle on them. I was also disappointed to see that Dino Digitalis was only a Pro Rata-created illusion. Fighting against a real movie studio backdrop had given the story a handle on reality that it did not otherwise possess. I could have done without the talking rocketship, too.

Of the new villains Bill's created, I think Mr. Chicken and Jackpot — the One-Armed Bandit are the best. The Chair-Thing (HTD #1) was ineffective. At least OJ of the Eggs-Men could spit up orange concentrate.

As for your handling of Howard and Bev's relationship, it seems natural to me. I remember the look of concern on Bev's face when Dr. Bon said he would get Howard once and for all during the Ringmaster trilogy (HTD

#25-27). Howard seemed to pine for Bev throughout HTD #18-27. What does surprise me a little is their very close relationship in these first two magazine issues. And, while I really enjoyed your "Iron Duck" story (defeating Bong with his own printing press was a good touch) I wonder when we can look forward to Bong's return with his five kids? What'll their names be? Bing, Bang, Bung, etc.?

Mike Moore
1310 Osage
Bartlesville, OK 74003

The return of the diabolical Doctor Bong and his queer quintuplets is already in the planning stages. In between giggles, Editor Lynn Graeme and I have worked out the good Doctor's reappearance in a tale that's sure to rattle Marveldom for quite some years to come!

People,

Now this is more like it! When I saw the first issue of the all-new HTD Magazine I thought to myself, "Aw, this is all right, but I coulda done better!" But this! The Eggs-Men were absolutely unbelievable!!!!

At first I didn't care for the idea of reintroducing Pro Rata — what more needed to be said about him? More than I thought! Mantlo managed to tie up loose ends in this story that I wasn't even aware existed!

Even the letters page had a highlight. It came when B.M. firmly proclaimed "I am not STEVE GERBER!" Nor can we expect Howard to be exactly the same. When The aforementioned Mr. Gerber wrote HTD, the latter was an extension of the former — Howard a reflection of Steve's dark side, if you will. Apparently, either Mantlo doesn't have a dark side, or it's a very mellow dark side. Then again, it could be that he has a Dark bright side. (What???) Whatever, just don't blow it now.

As tragically happens so often, I've neglected Colan (artists start whimpering when you neglect them — always be sure to give yours an extra biscuit before retiring). But really, what can I say about the genial one that hasn't already been said a thousand times before? Why should I even comment on his cinematic style, his dazzlingly dramatic panels? I'll have to hand him this, though ('cause it's messing up my palms) — his conception of Wally Sidney was perfection!

Kent Featherly
142 Shady Oak Trail
Charlotte, NC 28210

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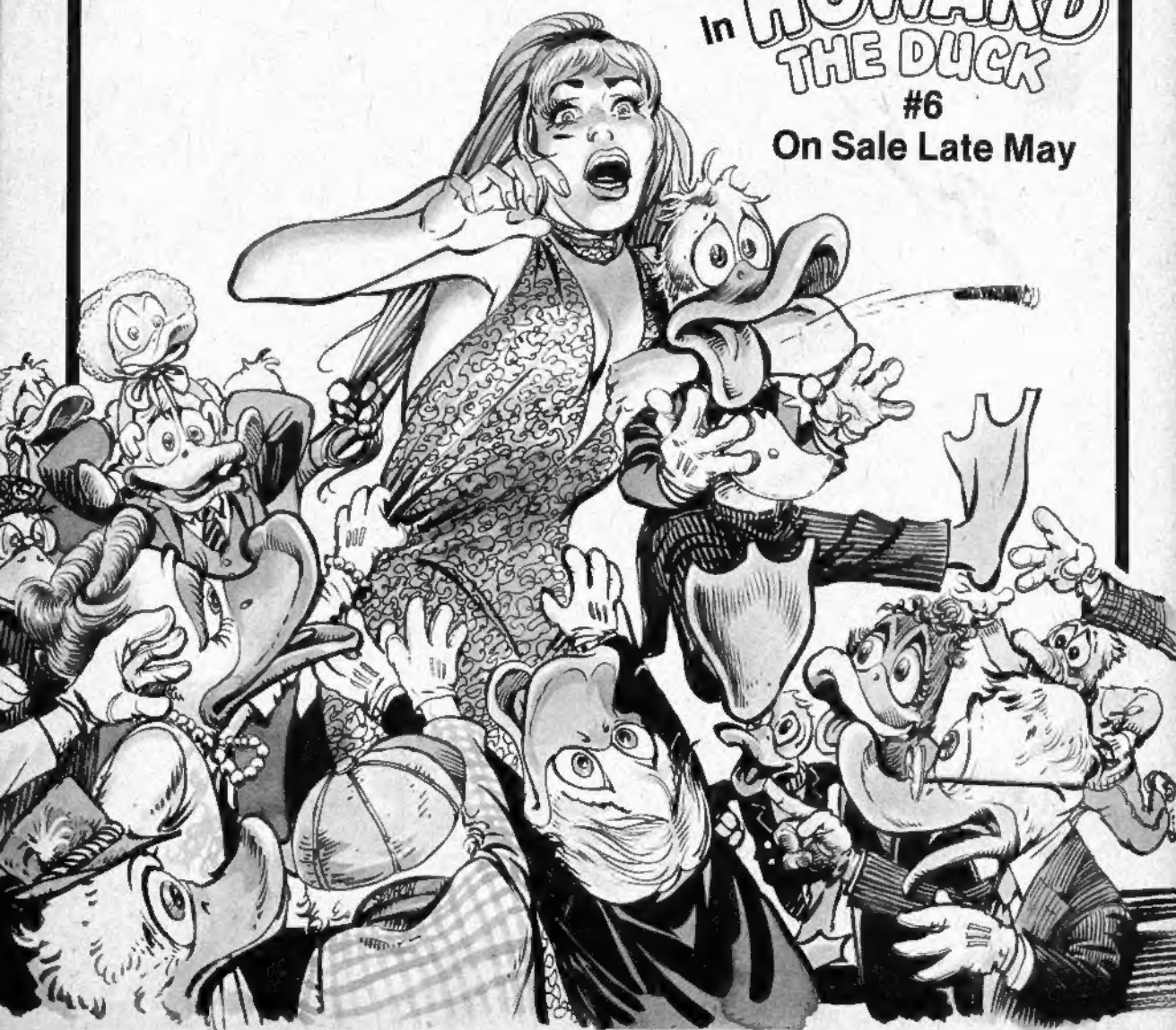
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BY Lynn Graeme & Ned Sonntag

In **HOWARD
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